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FEATURE STORY

A LITTLE GOLD SPIDER

BY · CECIL · BURLEIGH ·

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A LITTLE GOLD SPIDER

By CECIL BURLEIGH

CHAPTER ONE

"IT'S the way all girls dress these days, Wend. I look well, and don't care what you think or say, for that matter," said the girl tartly.

"But don't you think your costume is rather conspicuous?" the man answered, with a glance at the other tables in the restaurant, where the patrons danced between courses, and smoked cigarettes.

"Suppose it is?" turning up her pretty little nose. "People like to be conspicuous. I am no more so than other women, and don't care if I am. I am here to enjoy myself!"

She was ravishingly beautiful, and was attired in a startingly daring fashion even for these days, her graceful arms, shapely shoulders and beautifully modeled back bursting from the magnificent gown with startling whiteness.

Her escort shrugged his shoulders, and objected no more after his first mild disapproval of her startling toilet.

A handsome, dissipated looking man, wearing the last

word in evening clothes, sitting two tables away, nodded to the girl, and she returned his salute, and attacked her cocktail with a great deal of relish.

"Who is that girl, Tom?" asked the elderly lady with the dissipated looking young man. "Posing for 'Thais?"

The lady wore a handsome evening gown, and around her neck was a fine chain with a little gold spider hung to it.

The man laughed and swallowed his wine.

"The young lady falling out of her frock, you mean? Oh, that's Mademoiselle Don't-Give-a-Hang. A sort of modern Madame Sans Gêne. Rather pretty, don't you think so?"

The elderly woman nodded and asked:

"But what is her real name? Some débutante? They usually go to extremes in dress. I would never expose my back as she does."

"They call her Polly Wendall. She is the spoiled daughter of Robert Wendall, the millionaire banker. As for your back, it is not suitable for publication, my dear," said Diston. "'Miss Don't-Care-a-Hang,' as we've nicknamed Miss Wendall, has a back to be proud of." And his face was buried in his wine glass again.

The young lady under discussion heard a little of what the man said, and gave him a saucy toss of her head of golden hair, as she went on with her oysters.

"Who is the bird you bowed to, Polly?" asked the daring one's escort. "Looks like a charter member of the 'Inebriates' Club.'"

"Why, that's Tom Diston. Dances like an angel. Supposed to be a super-millionaire, and is a good sport. I'll introduce you."

Diston and the old lady with him now came over, and the red-nosed man said blandly:

"Good evening, Miss Wendall. Allow me to present my friend, Mrs. Toplady Smythe."

Polly bowed graciously and introduced her escort.

"My cousin, Wendover Overton. I was just saying that you were a divine dancer, Mr. Diston."

"An indifferent dancer, you mean," returned Diston. Then he asked Polly to dance, and as she assented he went whirling away with her. But he was holding her rather too closely, according to Overton's notions of propriety. There was nothing for Overton to do but ask Mrs. Smythe to dance, an invitation which she accepted promptly. She seemed anxious to cultivate Overton's acquaintance for she plied him with all sorts of questions, but he merely gave evasive answers. There was a mystery about his business which he did not care to explain to this inquisitive woman, inasmuch as he was in the government's employ as a detective. In fact he was so secretive about it that he had not even confided in Polly.

They returned to their own table. The waiter had just brought the regular dinner course.

"Don't you think Mr. Diston held you rather close, Polly?" Overton asked with an air of disapproval.

"I don't care if he did," she answered teasingly. "You are too straight-laced, Wend, dear. Now don't try to spoil a girl's fun."

"But you should care when you know how much I care for you—know how jealous I am."

"Well, then, take it from me, I don't!" and Polly tossed off a glass of wine with evident relish. "It isn't fashionable to get sentimental over a girl in public. When you're in Rome, do as the Romans do."

"You have all a woman's unreason," returned Overton, "cocktails, hugging up strange men, dressing as even a Fiji woman wouldn't, smoking—and don't care. In fact 'don't care a hang' seems to be your keynote. Look out that it does not end in discord."

"We are a long time dead," laughed Polly, "so what's the use? I should worry. Order a bottle of fizz, Wend. Here comes Starchy Everard and he'll want to dance with me, too."

The detective gave a quick side glance at a young man approaching, and looked startled for an instant, then recovered himself. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Smythe, Diston and Starchy had been under his surveillance for some time past, as his chief had ordered him to watch the trio. They were suspected of being members of a band of radical Reds. Starchy wore eyeglasses, with the most correct black ribbon guard, the most immaculate dress shirt, the whitest of dress scarfs and the very latest fashion of dress waistcoat. As he drew near, he gave them a bow, and asked Polly to dance with him.

"Starchy, eh?" muttered Overton as Polly went away with the newcomer. "Well, he looks it. Pretty good camouflage, my man, but I knew you as Herman Schmalz in the old days, when you were an ordinary Bowery crook."

Mrs. Smythe beckoned to him from her table, and he joined her, the lady smiling and pushing a cocktail toward him while the little gold spider bobbed up and down at her throat.

"Sit down and have a little chat with me while the young people are whirling in the mazy dance," she invited. "We old folks don't care for that sort of thing, you know. Try a cocktail. It will make you dream of old monks, vine-clad monasteries, Italian peasants, and all that sort of stuff. You were in the army, of course? All good Americans were. Quite a pretty girl, your cousin. Why do they call her 'Miss Don't-Care-a-Hang?'"

"Do they?" asked Overton, wondering at the lady's sudden changes of topic, and picking up the glass which she had again pushed toward him.

He caught a poisonous odor from the glass, which aroused his suspicions, but he did not betray the fact. Then he raised the glass to his lips without tasting the liquor, and presently spilled its contents under the table.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Clumsy of me to upset my glass," he said hurriedly. "Have I injured your gown?" Then he reflected: "Doped! Now what for, I wonder, unless she is 'on to' me?"

"Oh, no, I'm all right," said Mrs. Smythe with a disappointed expression. Then Polly came back to her own table, and Overton excused himself from Mrs. Smythe and rejoined her. Everard had gone.

"What sort of chap is that Diston," asked Overton. "I should not call him either intelligent or refined, and he is certainly not in your class. In fact I have a potent reason for not wanting you to have anything to do with those three people. Diston, for instance, is no good."

"I don't care if he isn't!" snapped Polly angrily. "We have class enough ourselves not to mind less fortunate people we meet. He is a good fellow, and can dance divinely. You are a regular knocker. Have you a grouch against me to-night or is this your natural attitude, Wend?"

"Oh, I am good-natured enough," he retorted. "Believe me, I'm only looking out for you. They call you 'M'lle Don't-Care-a-Hang,' and I said it was your keynote.

"It isn't such a bad sort of nickname. It attracts attention to you. Come, let's go to a show. You have dined and danced enough for to-night, and you may be in a better temper if we leave this dump."

"I like the gay night life of New York," she pouted. "Why don't you let me enjoy it?"

"What is Everard's business?" he asked abruptly.

"I don't know. He seems to have plenty of money."

"Do you know anything about the man you call 'Starchy?'"

"Nothing. I never met any of them but Diston till to-night," pouted the self-willed beauty. If you are bound to go, come on; perhaps a change of air will do you good, too."

"It would certainly do the country good if 'Starchy' Everard is the man I suspect he is," thought Overton. "I believe this bunch are all in the plot to blow up that ship. They will all bear watching, as the chief said."

They went to a theater near Longacre Square, to see a musical comedy, and were leaving when they again came across Mrs. Smythe, Diston and Everard in the lobby. It seemed like an accident, of course, but Overton had a suspicion that it had been prearranged.

"How fortunate," drawled Everard. "We were going to the 'Midnight Hilarity' on the roof of the—ah, you know. Cahn't remembah these names. You'll come? The car is all ready."

"Of course they will," said Mrs. Smythe before Polly accepted the invitation. "You don't have these midnight affairs in the West, do you, Mr. Overton? I believe you told me you were from the West "

Overton nodded but did not answer, and in a few moments they were riding away in a most sumptuous Packard limousine, Everard driving, and keeping close to the speed limit for all of his starchiness. The detective was anxious to fathom the design of these three people in sticking to him and Polly.

On the theater roof, gay with bunting, growing plants, Chinese lanterns and brilliant toilets of the women, there was the same abandon that Overton had seen at the restaurant. The whole assembly was one mad mass of Hedonists, whose only religion was the pursuit of pleasure. They fairly outclassed the ancient Pompeians.

Polly was more disdainful of traditions than ever, and Overton watched her with growing disapproval. Mrs. Toplady Smythe was giving him all her attention, the little gold spider at her throat bobbing up and down, and now and then flashing its diamond eyes at him.

The lady presently took a gold mounted pencil from a meshbag she carried, wrote an order on a wine slip, and handed it to an attentive waiter. At the same time the detective noticed that she wrote something on the back of a little paper bonbon cup, slipped back the sweet, and tossed it to Everard, who sat opposite.

"Starchy" put the chocolate in his mouth, but threw the paper cup on the floor without a glance at the pencil marks as he had failed to noticed her writing. A passing waiter gave it a kick, sending it nearly to Overton's feet. The detective dropped his cigar, purposely, and stooped to pick it up, taking up the little paper cup at the same time.

"Watch Overton. I suspect him," was what he read written on it.

No one had apparently noticed what the officer did, and Overton puffed at his cigar, slipping the paper cup in his pocket, and turned to Mrs. Smythe, who had just spoken to him:

"Will you drink my health, Mr. Overton?" she asked, and Overton noticed that the little gold spider was bobbing livelier than ever at the instant that the lady pushed a glass of wine toward him.

"One scarcely needs to wish you good health, when you are the very image of it," he said gallantly; then he awkwardly upset his glass a second time, causing the lady to scream and draw her silver net shawl aside so it escaped saturation.

Polly looked disgusted, and Everard said with a cynical drawl:

"It's all right. Not used to wine, are you, old top?

"I am getting used to upsetting it," laughed Overton. Polly looked still more disgusted at what she imagined was his awkwardness. "I'm thinking of leaving on a late train," he added, to Polly, "so we must not remain here too long."

"It's long after one o'clock now," Polly answered curtly. Then she turned to Everard and added:

"Will you take me home in your car, Starchy? My cousin is leaving on a late train, and will not have time."

"Oh, yes I will, Polly," interposed Overton.

"But you said you were going to take the one-forty-five," Polly rejoined, and any expert in facial expression would have known that she was prevaricating.

"I have changed my mind," answered Overton, getting up. "Shall we go now? We are the only ones left besides the waiters."

"All right," sighed Polly resignedly.

Overton called a taxi, put Polly in, gave the chauffeur an address, and sat opposite as they whizzed away.

"You have been behaving abominably," cried Polly, once they were alone. "You flirted with Mrs. Smythe, you were awkward, you knocked everything, and you showed them all that you thought I was a giddy fool."

"I thought you did not care for others' opinions," he remarked with a queer smile.

"I don't!" she said in direct contradiction to her previous complaint, "but I will not be publicly snubbed. I don't care what folks think, but I won't be made a fool of. I'm angry! Stop the car! I will go home alone!"

"Alone! and at this time of the morning?" smiled Overton. "Oh, no. Do you call that a woman's reasoning? I should call it——"

"I don't care what you call it," pouted Polly, going back to her original stand. "You are simply horrid. I never go home as early as this. You spoiled a lot of fun. I tried to get rid of you, but——"

"Perhaps I did spoil the fun, but it was the other fellow's," chuckled Overton. "You don't know this bunch as I know them. Here we are at the house."

It may be well to explain that Polly and Overton were tacitly engaged to be married. The Westerner was a great favorite with the girl's father. Polly desired her freedom as long as she could have it. No date had been set for the wedding.

Overton went in with her. He fancied that the maid-servant answered the bell with unusual promptness, as if she had been prying. He and the old gentleman had a cigar and a glass of wine together, Polly leaving them after promising to go to a matinee with her cousin the next day.

Overton went home quite late.

"I think I have nailed the leaders of the gang," he muttered, "and if things go right I will land them in due time with evidence enough to get a conviction."

CHAPTER TWO

OVERTON went to the Opera House the next day and asked to have two seats held for him till half an hour before the performance. A little after one o'clock he called up Polly to ask if she remembered the appointment, and if she would be ready when he called shortly before two o'clock.

The maid, Adele, was on the wire, and with a decidedly

foreign accent told him that Miss Wendall has gone out, and would not be back till four o'clock, or later.

"H'm! that is 'Miss-Don't-Care-a-Hang' with a vengeance," muttered Overton as he hung up the receiver. "Out of sorts, or in a temper, I should judge. Well, I don't care myself," with a laugh. "It will give me a chance to look after those crooks I'm shadowing.

He called up the Metropolitan, and told the man in the box to sell the seats he had spoken for, as he would not need them.

Leaving the booth, he walked along Broadway to Forty-second street, where he suddenly saw Mrs. Toplady Smythe enter a revolving door and descend into an Automat restaurant.

"Funny place for a woman like that to dine," he mumbled. "And she came in a car, too. There is something odd in this. I must find out. She wore that gold spider around her neck, too. I saw it. Wonder if I wouldn't better have a bite myself, just to see what she's up to."

He followed the lady in, keeping out of sight, and watched her walking in front of the cold storage vaults along the wall. She did not drop any nickels into any of the slots, nor get any of the foods or drinks behind the glass compartments. But she stopped in front of one of the places where one has to wait for food to be cooked, and Overton saw her beckon to an attendant.

The man was foreign looking, and wore a white jacket. As he came forward, Overton heard the lady ask him in a low tone:

"Have you learned anything about their plans? Do you know when they are going to get away with the suspects on the transport?"

"No, Madame Eex, I hafe not," replied the man. "Yes, mees, here is your ham and egg," as a girl dropped in a check, and a little door flew open, revealing a steaming dish.

"Has Adele learned anything about Overton?" as the girl went away with her dish, and procured a cup of coffee from another place.

"She have not, Madame Eex?"

Overton put a nickel into a slot which would give him a piece of pie, turning his back as the lady glanced toward him.

"Madame X?" he thought. "That must be the name she goes by in the gang."

"Come up to-night; we will need you," said the lady, and she went out hurriedly.

Overton took a long look at the foreigner in the white jacket, drew himself a cup of coffee and dropped into a seat at a table. He made a pretence of eating and drinking while he looked around the place. No one, however, aroused his suspicions.

"I must find out more about this attendant," he said to himself as he departed. He walked down Broadway as far as the Opera House, where he entered and purchased an admission ticket, standing at the rear of the orchestra chairs with others either economically inclined or wishing to pass the time like himself.

Just before the rise of the curtain, as the lights were going down, he saw Mrs. Smythe, Diston and Polly pass down the main aisle and take seats near the front of the auditorium.

"I'm glad I came, after all," he mused. "And little 'Miss-Don't-Care' is with them. Must have made a secret arrangement last night to meet them and come here. Forgot all about our engagement or didn't care, most likely. She is being made a fool of, or, perhaps, a tool of. I must butt in and stop it if I can."

The curtain rose on the first act of Meyerbeer's "Prophete," with the golden-voiced Caruso in the rôle of John of Leyden, the man who suffered others, through his unholy ambition, to make a fool of him, and caused his destruction.

Overton watched Polly during the performance, but kept out of her sight until the final curtain, when he met her in the lobby.

"Hello, been to the opera?" he asked, as if just aware of the fact. "Funny I should have been here myself, isn't it? Ah, how do you do, Mrs. Smythe. Good afternoon, Mr. Diston. Shall I see you home, Polly?"

"We are going to have tea, and I don't know what not," said Polly saucily. "You might call on dad, and wait for me to come home," and then, with a defiant toss of her head, she passed on. The detective said nothing, but turned in the opposite direction with an indifferent shrug. He reached the street and went up-town.

On the corner of Thirty-ninth street Overton met a man, to whom he spoke a few hurried words. The stranger was a shadower from headquarters, and when he had his instructions, he hurried away.

An hour later, in a tea room, a little off Fifth Avenue, the party from the opera-house sat down for refreshments. Mrs. Smythe turned quietly to Polly while the two men were talking politics:

"That young man of yours, my dear, does not care such a lot for you, he told me, and he admitted confidentially that he has another girl. And yet he pretends to be very fond of you? That's the way with men nowadays."

"His affairs don't interest me," answered Polly coolly, but the woman saw that the remark had aroused Polly's jealousy.

"But he is humiliating you behind your back," persisted the elderly woman.

Polly's unreason got the upper hand of her in the jealousy aroused by Mrs. Smythe and her "don't-care" attitude was now forgotten.

"You are only imagining these things, Mrs. Smythe," she answered with a touch of anger.

The lady smiled wickedly and rattled on with a statement of facts invented for the occasion. It aroused Polly's jealousy still more. She insisted that she had seen Overton out with other women, and argued that his mail would betray any treachery he might have practiced on Polly. Then she suggested that Polly prove his infidelity by getting at Overton's mail.

"If he is deceiving you and is in correspondence with any other woman, you should know it," she said. "We can get at his letters if you know of a way to get into his rooms. Then our gallant Western gentleman will be brought to book in a way to astonish him. I do not intend to let him go on deceiving you this way any longer, if I can help it. Promise you will help me to unmask his perfidy."

Polly hesitated. Then her jealousy got the best of her. "All right," she agreed quickly, "I'll do it."

Overton was sitting in the reading room of the Hotel Astor next evening apparently deep in the pages of a newspaper, when a man in a dark green overcoat, soft hat of the same shade, and dark green spats on his shoes, took a seat beside him. He was Blake, the shadower Overton had sent to watch Polly's friend.

"Starchy telephoned to Miss Wendall's house just now, and spoke to Adele, the maid," he said, cautiously. "He asked her if she knew your address."

"That is interesting, and bears out my suspicions of that servant."

"I was keeping my eyes on Mrs. Smythe's party, and saw Everard, as he calls himself, go to the telephone booth

connected with the tea room. It was in the next booth and the door of his was not quite shut."

"Starchy got your address all right. I heard part of his talk. He told the girl, Adele, to make up a story of her young lady having gone out of town for a visit, if necessary, and to be on the watch for a wire from him at any time."

"Why did they want to know my address?"

"They are on the hunt for letters or something of yours. You don't leave tell-tale things around, do you, Cap?"

"Of course not. Was anything said about old Mr. Wendall?"

"Not a word. They may want his money, but he isn't in the plot. The maid and Starchy spoke German. That was a slip, I guess, but the girl don't speak good English, and they did not talk enough to put the hello girl wise."

"All right. Now you watch Mrs. Smythe and the others closely, but be sure of the old lady.. She has some design on Miss Wendall and I want to find out what it is. Do you think they are all in the same gang?"

"Looks so, Cap, but I am not dead sure about the guy they call Diston."

"Well, I shall be here for a time. Let me know if anything new happens."

"Have you any apartments, or suites, for ladies, not too high up, and with a good view of the river?" asked Mrs. Smythe of the clerk of a quiet little family hotel, up-town on the west side. "We are looking for something exclusive, and don't mind the expense. The fourth or fifth floor would suit very well," and the lady shot a fascinating glance from her watery blue eyes upon the clerk which quite captured him. Polly was with her.

"I have a suite on the fourth floor, No. 44, two rooms and bath, with a view of the river. It is vacant at present but I don't know how long it will be. There was a party looking at it this morning."

"May I see it?"

"I will send a boy, madam. The halls are a bit crooked, and you might miss your way. Front!"

The two ladies went up in the elevator, and the boy led the way to the door of an apartment on the fourth floor and unlocked it.

"You need not wait," said Mrs. Smythe, pressing a dollar bill in the boy's hand. "Wait for us at the elevator."

"Thank you, ma'am," the boy said with a grin, as he went away, leaving the two ladies in the outer room.

"The best luck in the world, my dear," said the elder lady, closing the door. "Your cousin's apartment is just next to this. I saw the number in the directory. Now to get to work!"

Mrs. Smythe took a master key from that meshbag of hers and inserted it in the door connecting with the next suite.

"Oh!" said Polly. "Is it as easy as all that?"

"Love laughs at locksmiths, my dear," said Mrs. Smythe, pushing the door open, and pulling her companion after her as she entered the next room. It proved to be a sort of library, with a desk, table, three or four chairs and a leather covered lounge; a bedroom could be seen beyond, through a partly open door.

Mrs. Smythe closed the door behind her, switched on the lights and advanced quickly to the desk. She opened it without using a key, as it was not locked.

"Very careless of him not to lock things," laughed the old lady, "but the reverse would not have mattered. Now, my dear, I will leave you to make the investigation, as this is your affair, not mine."

Polly went through the various compartments of the desk with feverish haste, born of intense jealousy and a woman's unreasoning spite. Mrs. Smythe watched her closely, and noticed everything that she took out.

She had said that this was none of her affair, but it evidently was, for all that, as nothing escaped her. Every paper that came out was scrutinized closely, although she appeared to be indifferent about the contents of the desk.

There were theatre programs, advertising circulars, bills for board, menus from restaurants, and a few letters soliciting aid.

"There is nothing here that amounts to a row of pins!" exclaimed Polly at last, perspiring with her efforts. "Where are those woman's letters? Are you sure that he has any?"

"He told me as much, my dear," purred Mrs. Smythe. "Perhaps he keeps them in a safer place."

"What do you mean?" asked Polly angrily, her jealousy raging all the more furiously because of her failure.

"In his bedroom," suggested the other.

"Why, to be sure!" said Polly, tossing her head and wiping her hot face with a dainty lace handkerchief.

"Wait a moment," said Mrs. Smythe. "There may be secret drawers in the desk. You are too excited to think of such things, my dear. You must control yourself and take things more systematically."

"Systematic nothing!" cried Polly angrily. "If incriminating letters are in the house, I am going to get them. And he pretending that I am the only one he ever—ha! what do I care for such rubbish? All men say that. What are you doing?"

"Looking for evidence, my dear," said Mrs. Smythe, who was pulling out a hidden drawer, and carefully looking over its contents with evident disappointment. She left no place unsearched where there might be what she was looking for.

Her search was thorough, and she put back everything she took out, whereas Polly had left things scattered about in her excitement, the one showing method, the other exhibiting mad fury.

"There is nothing here," said Mrs. Smythe, whose disappointment was keener than Polly knew. "We may find what we want in the bedroom."

They went into the sleeping apartment and here Mrs. Smythe took up the search, Polly watching her with feverish interest.

Wherever there might be papers, here Mrs. Smythe conducted her search with celerity and system, never looking twice in the same place, putting back everything that she took out so as to leave things in the same condition in which she found them, and showing the keenest, most wolfish interest.

Mrs. Smythe was not looking for love letters, but for something decidedly more important. Her chagrin at not finding the object of her search was clearly evident. She wanted evidence that Overton was really a government detective.

"Can't you find anything?" asked Polly. "Are you sure he had letters from another girl. Weren't you just trying to stir up my jealousy? Cousin Wendover is an attractive looking man, and you are a good deal older than I am. Perhaps you were jealous yourself."

"You little fool, I don't care for your lover's correspondence with other women," snapped Mrs. Smythe, her watery blue eyes turning green as those of a cat. "I am looking for something a good deal more important than silly love letters——"

"Perhaps I can be of assistance, then, Mrs. Smythe," said the deep voice of a man, and Overton stepped from

the bathroom, where he had evidently been hiding during the entire search.

Polly uttered a scream of astonishment, but Mrs. Smythe did not speak. With one quick movement she reached up her hand and switched off all the lights in the apartment, and with another she seized Polly by the wrist, and dragged her into the other suite.

To close and lock the door, turn off all the lights, make a hurried exit into the hall, was the work of a few seconds only. In less than a minute after Overton had asked his question, there was no one in the hall, and the whiz of the elevator making its way down was the only sound to be heard.

Mrs. Smythe and Polly left the hotel by the private entrance, without going through the office, entered the waiting taxi at the curb, gave a hurried order to the chauffeur, and went speeding up-town.

Polly did not say anything for some little time, but at length, looking out the taxi window, and failing to recognize any familiar streets, she asked rather impatiently:

"Where are we going? We are nowhere near our house. I don't know this part of the city at all.

"We are getting out of the way of your cousin," snapped Mrs. Smythe. "You don't suppose he would allow such a disturbance as we made in his apartment to go unpunished?"

"Why, that was nothing, I could easily explain, and he would only laugh and call me a——"

"A thick-headed idiot!" interrupted Mrs. Symthe acrimoniously. "Do you suppose that my errand to his quarters was simply to look for letters from women? No, indeed. Your cousin has information in his possession which I want, and I hoped to get it. I failed and now the safest thing for me to do is to get as far away, and in the shortest time as possible before he—well, as long as he thinks you are with me I am to some extent safe. When he finds that you are not with me, he will try to find and arrest me."

"Yes, but why should you—what have I to do with—why should I be brought into your private business at all?" asked Polly, angry, puzzled and frightened all at once. "I can easily explain my part of this affair. Why did you tell me that incriminating letters were there, and get me to go with you——"

"Because I wanted to get what I was looking for," retorted Mrs. Smythe. "Now that the adventure has failed, I don't think it wise for you to return. You must go with me—to my nice little country house, and there we will keep quiet until this affair has blown over."

"But what have I got to do with it?" expostulated Polly vigorously. "I refuse to go with you! I shall go back home at once and——"

"Have your lover laugh at you, or worse yet, get into jail for—well, trying to get the best of the government, that is all."

"But I don't understand," said Polly, in bewilderment, turning pale, and then hot. "What have we done to——"

"Now, then, don't ask too many questions, dearie," said Mrs. Smythe in her softest, most purring tones. "You wouldn't want to get me in trouble, I know, and you would like to punish that lover of yours for getting you excited for nothing. Let him have a bad day or so of it, wondering what has become of you. It will teach him to treat you with more consideration, and meantime we will enjoy ourselves. I will make it all right with your dad, and the folks at home. In fact, I will invite them up to spend Sunday with us."

CHAPTER THREE.

OVERTON did not pursue the fleeing interlopers, but turned on the lights again, after their hurried departure, and looked about the room.

On the floor, near the door of the next apartment, he suddenly observed a shining gold ornament, and picked it up with an expression of great satisfaction; the object was the little gold spider with diamond eyes, hanging on the end of a thin gold chain, which Mrs. Smythe had worn.

"If I had not absolutely recognized Mrs. Smythe I would know her by this," he remarked. "Very fortunate that she dropped it. Quite unique, I must say, and yet very appropriate. The spider and the fly, Mrs. Toplady Smythe and Polly Wendall. Poor little Miss Don't-Give-a-Hang! That spider woman is the very sort to get the best of her. Hello!"

He had been turning the ornament over in his hand, looking at it from all sides, and now he uttered a startled exclamation as he noticed a few drops of some aromatic liquid in his palm.

There was a secret spring in the belly of the gold spider, and by touching this, he had caused the liquid to squirt from the beak into his hand.

"H'm!" he grunted, smelling the stuff, and letting out a drop or two more in his hand. "Knockout drops or something of that sort. That's what she put in my cocktail yesterday, and into my wine afterward. I wondered how she turned the trick without my noticing it. Aha, my spider lady, you have more kinds of poison than one, I see. You suspected me of being a Federal officer and thought that if you could make me drowsy for a few minutes you would find out something to your interest. Pretty clean search, that of yours, in my desk. If I had had anything there to give me away you would have found it, but we don't do things that way in the Secret Service."

He went to the telephone, called up the Hotel Astor and had the man in green paged. Presently he got him on the wire.

"Blake speaking. That you, Cap?"

"Yes, the spider has struck and made a get-away. She will want to get as far off as she can now, or, at any rate, she'll hide where she cannot be found. Keep your eye on Diston and Starchy. If all disappear, then we shall know that they have probably gone away together. I will look you up later. Good-by."

The car containing Mrs. Toplady Smythe and Polly went at the speed limit and something beyond when they got away from the city. The lights grew fewer and less brilliant, and at length only an occasional gleam could be seen through the trees bordering the road.

Polly was worried over the turn events had taken but said nothing, merely waiting for developments. There was something which she could not understand in this sudden departure, something beneath the pretended search for women's letters in Overton's rooms. She began to blame her cousin for it all, and to forget that she was at the bottom of the complication, the end of which there was no guessing at. Clearly, her jealousy was at the bottom of all the trouble.

At length they stopped at a gloomy house set back from the road among trees. There were a few lights on the ground floor, but none above, the shades being tightly drawn.

"Here we are, my dear, right in the country," purred Mrs. Smythe, pushing Polly out as a man coming from

the house opened the door of the car. "The dearest spot on earth, home, sweet home, you know, and we'll make it lively enough for you, don't you worry."

"But I cannot stay here. I have no clothes, and——"

"We have a great surprise for you, my dear," laughed Mrs. Smythe. "We have sent for Adele, your maid. Wasn't that nice of us? She has your clothes, and was instructed to tell your father that you had gone to spend a day or two with me."

In fact, Adele was already in the house, and showed Polly to her room, getting out some garments, lighting a heater in a corner, and drawing water in a hand basin.

An hour later the hall door opened.

"When you are ready, my dear," said Mrs. Smythe, looking in at the door, "come downstairs and we will have a chicken sandwich and a glass of wine. I have invited the folks up for to-morrow, but there will be other guests here in the meantime, so we shall not be lonesome."

Polly saw she would have to make the best of an unpleasant situation.

Arrayed in a becoming gown, she went down-stairs and found her hostess, or jailer, she did not know which, seated at a table in a small dining room, a liveried seryitor standing behind her chair.

"Sit down, Polly. We shall have company soon, and there will be as jolly a time as we like. I will make you quite comfortable. We always try to do that for our guests."

"What are you up to, Mrs. Smythe?" asked Polly angrily. "What are you trying to make me believe? I am positive you are keeping me a prisoner for some purpose. You have no intention of inviting my father here at all. That is only a bluff. What is your little game?"

"Why, you little fool!" snapped the other, showing her claws at last. "Don't you know that your cousin is in the employ of the Federal government, and that I have been trying to get information of the greatest importance to us, and of which he is possessed? He suspects me and my friends of a certain thing and we know that he has been detailed to get evidence against us. Do you suppose he would let us be at large if he had evidence to convict us. If he had found me in his room alone, I would have been arrested at once, but as long as you were with me, I was safe, for he would not disgrace the girl he loves. Of course I did not expect to find him there, but your being with me was lucky, just the same. We must hide for the present, but that need not prevent us from enjoying ourselves. Have a bit of the chicken, and try a glass of wine. You won't find it drugged. I wonder how Overton got on to my plot to search his room last night?"

"Good gracious!" gasped Polly. "So you are all a lot of crooks. Well, you certainly deceived me. I shall not stay here at all. I am going home at once."

"Oh, no," said the woman, with a purring laugh. "You are not a prisoner, but just now it would not be safe to let you go. Just as soon as we are secure we will send you home, so just make yourself easy about that."

Polly had her doubts but she decided not to say any more at the moment, but to wait for an opportunity to escape.

"What is Mr. Overton's real position?" asked Mrs. Smythe, going on with her supper. "He is a big gun in the government service, isn't he?"

"I don't know anything about his business. He never told me. How are you working against the government?"

"We are plotting against the Federal government," said Mrs. Smythe, with a cool laugh. "Have you seen that gold spider of mine? I am afraid I have lost it. I wonder if I have—I wonder if the detective found it?"

"He knew you were in his rooms," said Polly. "If you were there for the purpose you said, he will try——" and then she stopped.

"To have me arrested, you mean?" sneered the other woman. "The only blunder I made was in being in his room at the same time he was, but how could I know that he was coming? Never mind, my dear. He will not find me here, and as soon as it is safe you will go back home. You may say as much as you like about me after that, for it won't do you any good nor us any harm. That cousin of yours is not as stupid nor as bungling as he appeared. He got wise to me, I guess, but we'll carry out our plans anyway." The lady stopped short as if struck with a new idea and added: "You wouldn't mind writing me a check for a few hundreds, would you? I may need some money in a hurry. It would be a great convenience. Just a loan, you know."

"Why, to be sure," said Polly, hoping that she might learn something of the lady's plans. She was entirely in the dark regarding them just then. "How much would you want? Oh, but I haven't my check book with me."

"Yes, you have," asserted the other. "Adele brought it. We thought you might need it. A few hundreds will be enough. Make it out to bearer. It is awfully good of you, my dear," and Mrs. Smythe poured herself a glass of Chartreuse, and sipped it leisurely while she smiled at Polly.

The latter was in a state of mind bordering on wrath, hysteria and several other uncomfortable emotions. She was angry at herself, as she realized her folly, unable to help herself, rebellious at Overton, and piqued because the designing Mrs. Smythe had found her an easy victim.

She had never known that Overton was in government service, had never thought to ask him about his business, and was much surprised to find that he was a person on the lookout for lawbreakers. The request for a check aroused her suspicion, and she felt that there was more under it than the mere fact of needing a temporary loan. Perhaps it was blackmail, or was her check to be raised to any amount needed? Mrs. Smythe might be a check raiser and wanted by Overton on that account, or she might be as she said, a diamond smuggler. Just at present she was a most undesirable companion and little Miss Don't-Care did care very much that she had ever made her acquaintance.

CHAPTER FOUR.

THEY were not doing a great amount of business at the Automat as it was too late for the regular dinner hour, and too early for the late supper crowd.

A foreign looking young man in a white jacket was seated at a table eating a satisfying lunch of spaghetti, deviled ham and scrambled eggs, buttered toast and strong coffee. He was the only person in the dining room.

Overton came in, got a quarter's worth of nickels at the counter, helped himself to a plate of hot biscuits and butter, a slice of cake, a dish of stewed prunes, and a cup of tea, and seated himself next to the foreign looking young gentleman in the white jacket.

Presently he laid a curious sort of trinket on the varnished table at his elbow, and helped himself to some prunes.

The bus boy looked at it with rapidly enlarging eyes, and then at Overton, and made a sudden gesture with one hand.

The trinket was a gold spider with diamond eyes.

"Will you see Madame X to-night?" asked Overton in a low tone.

The foreign looking young man eyed Overton closely, looked at the gold spider and answered cautiously:

"Have you come, Madame Eex?"

"Yes. Will you go to see Adele? You will be needed, you remember? How soon do you get away? We can go together. I have a car at the door."

"Halluf a hour," said the other. "Maybe you better go down the street, so no one shall see us? I meet you there in halluf a hour."

"Very good, I will wait," and Overton put the gold spider in his pocket, giving the other a swift appraising look.

He went out, and ran his car a little way into Forty-second street where it would not interfere with traffic.

In less than half an hour the foreign looking man came out at an entrance on Broadway and started off at a swift pace, as if anxious to get away as quick as possible.

Overton, wearing a green overcoat, broad brimmed hat of the same color, and green spats on his shoes, suddenly bumped into him, as if by mistake, and seized his arm, presumably to prevent him from falling.

"Are you going to see Madame X?" whispered the detective, conducting his prisoner, for such he was, to the curb, and bundling him without ceremony into a waiting car. At the same moment he held a small glittering object under the foreigner's nose.

The light from a street lamp shone on it for an instant, and showed it to be a little gold spider with shiny eyes.

At the same moment a pungent odor escaped from the trinket, and the foreign looking young gentleman, who now wore a fur lined overcoat, and a slouched hat in place of his white jacket, gave a sudden gasp, and sat down.

"Very good," said Overton, who now wore a suit similar to that of his assistant. "I had an idea he would try to evade me. Come on, Gregg. He will be all right in a few moments, and then we will go to see this Madame X, Mrs. Toplady Smythe, or whatever else she may be called."

Gregg now took charge of the car and turned up Broadway, Overton sitting close to the young foreigner who shortly recovered his breath and gazed about with a frightened look.

"Thought to make a getaway, did you," said Overton. "Now, tell me where I'm to go, or——" and the cold muzzle of an automatic was suddenly pressed against the man's temple.

"Hundred an' ninety-five street an' Amst'dam afenue," gasped the man.

"Is that anything like it, Gregg?" asked Overton.

"There is a suspected house up that way which is a resort of the Reds. I guess we will find—I—"

The prisoner gave a sudden gasp, and attempted to spring out of the car, but a sudden breath from the gold spider caused him to fall backward as if stunned.

"All right, Gregg. Drive there. We will find out later if it is right. This woman must be one of the gang, after all?"

"A confidence woman, check raiser, blackmailer and several other things, if I am not mistaken," mumbled Gregg. "She and Starchy have had many a deal together of a shady character as I've just found out."

"I suspected Schmalz myself, although his disguise as 'Starchy' is nearly perfect. The West was too hot for him, and he came to New York. He'd work with the Reds or in any other scheme that promised good graft, and he'd throw over his pals if it paid him to do so. That bird is not one of your boudoir Bolshevists, but he would double cross Trotsky or any one if there were any money in it."

In the house at the father end of the island, Polly was seated at a desk, laughing and talking glibly, and appearing quite her lively, foolish, careless self. There was a pearl mounted penholder in her hand, and her check book was in front of her.

"Five hundred dollars will be enough, won't it?" she asked. "It might be difficult to cash a bigger check than that. I'll make it to bearer, or shall I make it payable to Tom Diston."

Mrs. Smythe nodded.

Diston was now in the room, having arrived before the ladies had finished their food and wine.

"Make it out to me," he said. "That will be all right. Yes, five hundred will be enough. I can cash it at the night bank."

This was something that Polly had not thought of. She imagined they would have to wait until Monday, and she had hoped that in the meantime something would prevent the check from being cashed.

"But you must have money of your own," she said. "You were always supposed to have a lot of it—at least you often pretended so to me."

"Well, so I have, but I cannot get at it now, and we want some in case we have to——"

"It's me that wants the money," interrupted Mrs. Smythe, with a warning glance at Diston. "I cannot go for it, but Tom can get the cash and let me have it. You must not be left alone, you know. It would not be right. Think of the scandal, my dear."

"I don't care!" said Polly, with a laugh, in her old manner. "Tom is a rake, we know, but my own clean reputation is well enough known to make me safe with any one."

She made out a check for five hundred dollars, writing the figures very large, so that they took up all the space devoted to that purpose.

"I imagine any one would have trouble raising that," she said to herself, as she blew across the check.

"Blot it, my dear," suggested Mrs. Smythe, reaching for the check with one hand, and for a blotter with another.

"The blotter will take up all the ink and leave it too faint," said the girl, pulling the check away. "Besides, it looks more business-like, so big and black. I hate these pale looking checks, they are easier to raise, you know."

"That's pretty good!" sneered Diston. "You needn't be afraid of me, young lady."

Polly passed the check rapidly across the top of the droplight on the desk until it was quite dry, and then handed it to Tom. She noticed a sudden significant glance which the other lady gave him, as he put it in his side pocket.

"She does not like it," she thought. "I was right. She did want to raise it. What a fool I was to trust her. I never knew her till yesterday, and here I am, like a fool, trusting her as if she were an old and tried friend of the family. Wend was right, and I——" but thinking along that line was not conducive to repose of mind, and she stopped it, and arose, saying:

"Oh, I don't distrust you, Tom."

"That's the talk," said Diston. "Would you mind getting me a glass of wine, Mrs. Top? I have an awful thirst."

As the lady started toward the kitchen to give an order to some one, Diston arose, and beckoned to Polly to follow him.

"We must get away from here," he whispered, when they were in the little parlor adjoining. "Do you know what she is? She is in a plot against the government. We must get away as soon as possible. I only just found out her secret. I can't let you stay with her, and I am going to get away myself. It isn't safe here. Adele is in the plot to keep you here, but I can manage her all right. There will be no end of a talk if you are found in this place."

"Oh, I don't care," laughed Polly, at the same moment giving Diston a look of warning. "That will be fine. I always did like a good poker game. We won't have any limit."

Mrs. Smythe was coming in, at that moment, with a bottle of wine. Diston's back was toward her, so that he did not see her, nor hear her either, her approach being most soft and catlike, but Polly's warning look put him on his guard.

"What are you pussyfooting like that for, Mrs. Top?" he suddenly asked, turning sharply around. "Afraid I am going to say something not meant for you? Oh, you have the fizz? Good. Will you get us a pack of cards, like a good girl? You can send Adele for them if you like. She knows what a pack is?"

"Oh, I'll go myself," smiled the lady. "Adele can stay here," and she turned and gave the maid, who had entered, a meaning glance which neither of the others saw.

Polly suspected that she had done so, however, as the maid suddenly sat down, with a guilty expression on her face.

The moment the lady was out of the room, Polly sprang to a closet where there was a wrap, and Diston leaped toward Adele, and hissed:

"Keep quiet, now! If you utter a sound, I will kill you! We are going to quit this place. Keep still if you value your life!"

As Polly, in a heavy wrap, and Diston, in a fur coat, reached the door, it suddenly flew open, and Overton stepped inside, and closed it.

"Not yet, Mr. Diston," he said. "Where were you going?"

"To save this young lady," answered the other. "This is a nest of Reds engaged in a plot against the government. She was brought here because they thought they could blackmail her."

"That is all very well as far as it goes, but where were you going to take my cousin?"

"Home, of course, where else?" answered Diston, coloring.

Mrs. Toplady Smythe suddenly entered the front room, into which Overton had forced Diston. The detective delivered Polly to the care of Gregg and faced Mrs. Smythe, who uttered a cry of surprise and rage.

"Ha! so you have sold us out, have you, Diston?" she cried. "Take that!"

Overton leaped forward, threw up the woman's hand, and sent a pistol she had leveled crashing to the floor.

There was a report, and a bullet struck the ceiling.

Adele the maid made a rush for the door, but was intercepted by Gregg.

"You can't get out, my girl," he exclaimed. "It will do you no good if you do. The house is surrounded by the police. We located this place some time ago and we know its character."

"I not spik goot English," snapped the girl, with a surly look. "You can nothing do wiz me. I am here wiz my meestress."

Overton turned upon Diston. You may not be a member of this gang of Reds, Mr. Diston, Manning, or Sporty Joe," he said. "But we have your record as a blackmailer. This was one of the times when you expected to get a nice sum of money from this girl but got nicely fooled."

"Look out for the lady!" interrupted Gregg. "She is going to——"

Mrs. Toplady Smythe suddenly thrust her hand into the bosom of her dress, and Gregg pressed forward to prevent her using another pistol, as he supposed.

It was no gun. He was too late.

She suddenly thrust something into her mouth and swallowed it.

"Overton, I'll beat you yet!" she panted. "You won't find out——"

Her face was convulsed with a horrible expression of pain and with a hollow groan she fell heavily to the floor.

"My God! she has killed herself," gasped Diston, turning pale.

Gregg gave a shrill whistle, and a man in plain clothes entered the room from outside.

"Look at the woman, doctor," said Gregg. "I am afraid she is——"

"Dead!" said the newcomer, kneeling at the woman's side. "This is Madame X, the Red, all right. I have seen her only once, at a meeting of Radicals, but I know her face only too well to make any error about her identity."

"She is done for," said Gregg, "but it does not matter now."

"Do you know these people, Polly, and why I am here?" asked Overton.

"I only know that I have been a fool!" cried Polly, angrily.

Overton took the little gold spider with diamond eyes from his pocket, and opened the back by a quick pressure, the top being hinged like the cover of a jewel case.

"A singular toy, this," he said. "It may be used as a smelling salts bottle, or to drop poison into one's wine. It also contains a secret document."

He drew out a thin sheet like glazed tissue paper, and spread it out, showing some almost microscopic writing.

"This document, which I have read by the aid of a powerful magnifying glass is a message to Mrs. Smythe, who was a leader of the Reds, ordering her to destroy the transport intended to deport a number of undesirable aliens to Russia, and thus prevent her sailing. The transport location has been kept a secret. Only Mrs. Smythe knew, unless she told others," and he fixed a keen look on the maid.

"I know where it is, and Schmalz was going to blow it up to-night," cried Adele, writhing guiltily under the detective's accusing glance.

"Shut up, Adele!" cried the foreign looking 'bus boy of the Automat, who at that moment was brought in by another plain-clothes man.

Overton looked at the young man and shook his finger in his face.

"Schmalz will be taken care of, young fellow," he exclaimed. "What job did this girl have in the Reds' society?"

"She make working girls t'ink that the 'Merican peopl' try to starve them. I tell de help in de rest'rant de same sing. We distrib' the prop'gand, get the work girl and man to make strike. Schmalz is big man. He blow up, throw bomb, do de spy——"

"And this man?" went on the detective, pointing to Diston.

"He is not in Soviet. He make bad business with reech man. Get monee. He one time servant for beeg gentleman. No good!"

"This Smythe woman," said Overton to Polly, "has been known by several aliases, as a spy, a check raiser, blackmailer and other things. Just now she was in a plot to blow up the United States transport which is soon to take back to Russia a number of most undesirable persons. She suspected that I was in the government service, which is true enough, and that was why she visited my rooms to get evidence of it. Starchy Everard, or Schmalz, as his real name is, was Mrs. Smythe's lieutenant. The man discovered from her the location of the transport. Blake," he added, "ring up the Central Office and find out if there's any new developments."

One of the men went to the telephone and called up a number.

"It's all right, Cap," he presently said. "They caught Schmalz a short time ago. He did the Dutch act, same as this woman on the floor—shot himself."

"Diston," said Overton, "we have nothing on you in this case, but I would advise you to leave the city, and never return. It was all very well, your pretending to rescue my cousin, but from what I know of you, the old man would have had to pay a pretty nice ransom if you had secured her in your rooms."

"That is all right," said Diston, as he preferred to be known, "and I'll tell you something. I have a check signed by the young lady which Mrs. Top thought she could raise. The young lady was too clever, however. Nothing can be done with it in that line, so it is no use to me now. Here it is."

Diston handed the check to Polly, which she tore in pieces and threw in the fire.

"You may go, Diston. These other people are not very dangerous, but they will be watched all the same. It is lucky for you that we have nothing on you in this case."

"Enough said," said the man shortly. "I can take the car, I suppose? I did hire it, all right. Good evening, Miss Wendall. Thank you for some very pleasant evenings."

"Good evening, Diston," said Overton, pointing sternly at the door.

An hour later the detective and the girl were standing in the parlor of the Wendall house, the lights half down, Polly's head on Overton's shoulder. She was still in her wrap and tears were in her eyes and voice.

"Oh, Wend," she said, "what a little fool I have been! How fortunate it was that you cared enough for me to help me. I have been a blind, careless, silly fool, but now——"

"Yes, Polly?" for she had paused.

"I will never say 'I don't care' as long as I live. I love you too much."

NOAH'S ARK MODEL

ED. LAMPE, a fisherman at Vermillion, O., was reading a story about Noah's Ark one night when it occurred to him that were the craft of Noah's time resurrected and modernized a little it might have a tendency to lessen the toll that storms take annually in the Great Lakes section.

Lampe designed a boat on the plan of Noah's Ark. He tried the craft out and it met every expectation. It ploughed the most vicious billows, going out and returning when all other boats had to be kept in port.

Lampe's craft attracted the attention of the commercial fishing inerests of the Lake Erie section and investigators were sent to Vermillion.

"If you can save some poor devil's life by using my style of boat, go ahead and use it," he said.

The United Fisheries Company of Sandusky, Ohio, one of the largest organizations of its kind operating on Lake Erie, recently completed the first of six gillnet tugs of the type designed by Lampe, at a ship-building branch of this city. The other five are to be ready to be commissioned at the beginning of the spring fishing season of 1920.

SINGING SANDS OF MICHIGAN EXPLAINED

AN interesting attempt is made by a writer in *Science* to explain the singing sands of Lake Michigan. These extend along its eastern shore from Gary at the southern extremity to Mackinac at the northern with comparatively few breaks or interruptions. Throughout this region the sands near the water's edge, in dry weather, emit a peculiar but definite and unmistakable sound when the foot of the pedestrian pushes through them in an abrasive way. This unusual sound is produced not only by the leather-shod foot, but is emitted also if the bare foot or hand is struck through the grains or if a stick is trailed, boy-fashion, behind.

The sound is produced only when the sand is dry, and apparently the dryer the sand is, the louder the sound produced. As one walks away from the water's edge he may be astonished to find out that the sound-producing sand ceases rather abruptly about fifty to one hundred feet from the shore line. The upper limit of the singing sands is practically identical with the upper wave limit, that is, the boundary reached by the waves during storms.

"My hypothesis, briefly stated, is this," says a writer in *Science*. "The sand grains on the lower beach and as far as the upper limit of the storm beach are bathed periodically by the waters of the lake which contain various salts including calcium and magnesium bicarbonates. This water dries on the grains of sand, coating the surfaces with an extremely thin film of salts including calcium and magnesium carbonates. This film is of such a nature as to create considerable friction when rubbed and thus when the grains are brought into contact with various surfaces a sound is emitted. One may compare the action of the film of dried salts on the sand grains with the action of rosin on the violin bow.

"The beach sand is, of course, the same sand which later goes to form the dunes when transported by the wind, but during this transportation, due to the abrasive action of grain against grain, much of the salt film is rubbed off and carried on by the wind in the same manner that clay dust is, to be deposited in quiet places as on the forest floor below. After deposition in blowouts or on dunes, the grains are subjected from time to time to the leaching action of rainwater and this completes the removal of calcium and magnesium carbonates (in the form of bicarbonates and of the other salts) so that the original sand grain surface is restored or, to speak metaphorically, the sands lose their singing voice. Such is the hypothesis."

WHO WAS THE THIEF?

By EMMA VALE LORING

ONE of Kelly's most interesting experiences happened while he was piping a bank robbery.

It was not, however, one of those cunningly planned, skillfully executed and enormous robberies of the kind which occasionally startle the community. It was on a smaller scale, and made a far more puzzling case.

The safe was one where only moderate amounts were ever kept. It was a rather old-fashioned affair, and it had been unlocked in the ordinary way, and the sum stolen was composed of only a few thousand dollars.

The president of the bank was greatly disturbed. He was a kind-faced, mild-eyed old gentleman who was generally liked and honored.

"No one had access to that safe except myself and the cashier," said the president, Payson Prayne. "His father was our cashier for years. We have all liked and trusted him. I shouldn't like to think he would rob us."

"But you admit that you suspect him?"

"I must admit there is no one else to suspect but our cashier—Byram Bodyne! I want him watched quietly, and I put the case in your hands."

Tim Kelly's first move was to make an inspection of the safe and its surroundings. The search was rewarded by finding a key—the duplicate of those in the possession of the president and the young cashier.

Tim found also a crumbled fragment of paper which he was certain had been dropped by the thief. Crushed inside the paper was a photograph of card size—the picture of a handsome young girl, neatly dressed in street costume, and represented in the attitude of leaning against a column.

The duplicate key and the photograph were his only clews. The former would seem to exonerate Byram Bodyne; having the original key in his possession, he would not need a duplicate. It might, however, be but a shrewd device to divert suspicion. The letter, the picture, would seem to indicate that Mr. Prayne's suspicions were not amiss.

"Is this yours?" Kelly asked, as with apparent indifference he held the photograph before the cashier.

As he glanced at it he started, and his boyish-looking face flushed crimson.

But he denied its belonging to him.

"Do you know the young lady?"

"I do."

His answer was prompt and fearless.

"How do you account for the picture being found over yonder by the safe, if you did not drop it?" asked the detective.

"Did you find it there?"

He asked the question with every appearance of surprised interest; but Tim noticed that his flushed face had become absolutely colorless.

"I found it as I said."

"Well, it's all a riddle to me. I only know it is a photograph of Miss Annie Alden, and I believe it to be the one she recently missed from her album."

"Where does Miss Alden reside?"

He mentioned the address with decided reluctance.

"I don't know why you would want to involve an honest young girl in this unpleasant affair," he remarked gloomily.

Of course the young man did not at the moment suppose himself to be an object of suspicion. Mr. Prayne's chief instructions had been to keep that fact from him.

Taking the address Kelly left the bank.

He thought best to see Miss Alden; to ascertain, if possible, who had purloined her picture, as no doubt it would put him at once upon the correct trail.

The address led Kelly to a substantial old residence in a pleasant up-town neighborhood where he rang the bell, only to receive the disappointing information that the young lady was not at home.

He was retracing his steps and was crossing the crowded avenue a few blocks below, when he noticed a tall, handsome young lady approaching. His single glance at the singularly attractive face and figure assured him that the girl was Miss Alden.

As he made this discovery, an elegantly attired young gentleman suddenly emerged from the crowd of hurrying pedestrians and dashing automobiles, and stepped to her side.

The girl turned with a look of dislike amounting to terror as the man placed his hand upon her arm.

Tim Kelly was so near that it was easy to catch their words. The man spoke in tones of almost insolent assurance, and with a half sneer beneath his dark mustache. The girl's replies were cold and brief.

"You do not seem very pleased to meet me," he remarked.

"I had not expected seeing you," she replied as she moved away.

He ignored the repulse and quickened his pace to hers.

"You do not really mean to break with me, Miss Annie."

"There has never been anything but an acquaintance—an ordinary acquaintance—between us. I do not specially care to prolong it."

"That is my reward for favoring you with a hint as to Byram Bodyne's true character."

"That is your just punishment for maligning an honest and honorable gentleman who is my friend."

"Allow me to inform you that your honest friend will be in prison for robbery before many days go over his head."

A cry broke from the girl's lips. Again she hastened her steps as if to leave her companion, and again he caught her arm to detain her.

"Listen to me, Annie. I love you—I love you madly! Before very long I shall have a fortune to spend as I choose. I shall leave the city. Let me take you with me, Annie, for my wife I have resolved you shall surely be."

With a look of horror the girl pushed his hand away, slipped into the crowd and the next moment was gone.

In the conversation she had not addressed him by his name, and he was totally a stranger to the detective.

But his allusion to the young cashier had aroused Tim's suspicions, and he determined to learn something more about him.

As he sauntered away Tim followed at a little distance, keeping him well in view.

A few blocks down the avenue he hailed a taxi. The sleuth was close enough to hear the order given.

His destination was a certain second-rate sporting house at the extremity of one of the less fashionable avenues.

An empty cab was passing. Kelly stopped it, jumped in, and bade the chauffeur keep the taxi in sight.

It was late in the afternoon when they reached the hostelry. A murky day was setting toward a misty, foggy dusk, and there were but few equipages visible on the road. The detective had no difficulty in keeping the taxi in view, and when it drew up at its destination Tim's car was but a few rods behind.

When the elegantly-attired stranger entered the house Tim was close in his wake—so close that he intercepted a cautious nod of recognition exchanged between him and an individual who was imbibing an innocent soda at one of the tables.

The man Kelly was shadowing called for a cigar, lighted it, and strolled through a side door into the inclosure outside. At the same time the individual at the table arose, paid for his soda, and strolled outside also. It is needless to say that Kelly imitated their example.

As he rounded an angle of the building he saw that they had joined each other; and as their figures were lost in the rapidly thickening dusk and fog, he could hear their footsteps moving in the direction of a wooded rise of ground not far away. The detective was acquainted with the locality; indeed, on a former occasion he had captured a fleeing crook from his hiding place among the rocks and trees with which the knoll abounded.

Now, by making a detour, he succeeded in reaching the rise of the ground on one side, just as the two ascended it on the other.

Although within two minutes' walk of the house and road, it was a spot rarely visited; the broken ridges of stony soil obstructed a passage across; and scrubby trees were no attraction; and at one point a big broken rock overhung a deep hollow full of stagnant water. It was near this rock, behind a clump of bushes, that Tim concealed himself.

The men had advanced until they were so close Tim could have put forth a hand and touched them.

"Well, Jake, how are things?"

The words were spoken by the young gentleman of the taxi.

At the name he uttered Kelly started.

When his eyes rested upon the individual sipping soda by the table, he fancied he had somewhere seen before the peaked features, the bulging forehead, the furtive eyes and stubby gray beard.

But he had been unable to place him. Kelly could place him now, however. He was known as Jake Jagel.

A few years before he had been implicated in a famous bank robbery, but had been saved from conviction by the eloquence of his counsel and by some minor point of law in his favor.

As Kelly heard the name uttered, and the remembrance flashed through his mind, he could have shouted in his intense satisfaction.

He knew he had struck the right trail in the Prayne affair.

"Well, Jake, how are things?"

"Neat as a plummet on a level! Everything is ready. Did you get the other duplicates?"

"For all but the lock with the combination; I happen to know that."

"You do? May his horned majesty fly away with me if I can guess how you get hold of everything."

"It's enough for you to know that I am leading you where you can put your hands on half a million dollars."

For fifteen minutes Kelly listened with breathless attention to the discussion of as bold and skillful a plot as was ever devised.

And that plot was nothing more or less than the robbery of the bank of which Payson Prayne was president.

"We shan't fail as we did last night; it's a new wrinkle of Cashier Bodyne sleeping in the building; and the new wrinkle won't add to his credit, I'm thinking," said the young gentleman of the taxi.

By this time Tim saw that the greater robbery had been attempted the previous night. After opening the small safe the scoundrels had either been frightened away by discovering the cashier about the building, or there had been some failure with the duplicate keys; perhaps it was both.

"We can't get Bodyne out of the way so easily; he isn't to be blarneyed and bribed like the watchman," said the man Kelly now knew to be Jake Jagel.

"He can be gagged, bound, and blindfolded. When our job is done we can give him a soothing potion and take him with us."

"Take him with us? I'm blessed if I can see through the trick."

The young man laughed—very softly, but it was the most diabolical sound Tim ever heard from a man's lips.

"He will recover from the soothing potion inside of twenty-four hours. He will find himself wandering around the city perfectly free and perfectly sane and prodigiously frightened. He will be overhauled and brought back; all the lawyers in the country can't save him from Sing Sing. He will be condemned as accessory or principal of our neat little job."

"Is it to be one o'clock sharp?"

"One o'clock sharp."

Kelly had arisen cautiously to his feet behind the bushes, with his revolver ready.

It was his intention to capture the crook whose name he had not yet learned, and to take the chances of arresting Jake Jagel later.

But as he straightened himself for action he slipped upon a loose piece of broken rock, which went crashing and splashing into the by no means shallow water of the hollow below.

The plotters no sooner heard the noise than they turned and saw him. He had barely steadied himself, when they pounced upon him like tigers, and before he could move a muscle in defense they had confronted the detective.

Behind Kelly was the perpendicular fall of earth to the water of the hollow; on his left was a tower-like mass of rock and clay; his right shoulder touched the rotting trunk of a dead ailanthus tree, the fallen branches of which formed a barricade in that direction.

Tim was at the mercy of his suddenly-arisen antagonist—most surely so as his own revolver had dropped from his hold in his scramble to keep his feet!

"A spy!" Jake Jagel muttered under his breath.

"We both know what a spy deserves and usually gets," the younger man said, with that diabolical laugh again.

The situation was becoming altogether too unpleasant for Tim's taste; but he controlled himself and remained apparently unmoved.

He was waiting for a chance to regain his revolver and some sort of advantage—if such a move were possible. But the chance, though a desperate one, was not accorded the man hunter.

There was a significant flashing glance between the two.

Evidently the same thought had occurred to both. And that thought was—to insure their own safety Kelly must be silenced for good and all.

"Here goes!" Jake Jagel muttered, as he leveled his automatic a hair's line nearer.

"Don't fire, Jake! We are not bad enough for that yet," the younger man said, in tones which betrayed to Kelly's experienced ear that he was by no means a hardened desperado.

But his words came too late.

At the instant a bullet whizzed toward the detective, grazing his head, and burying itself in the rotten trunk of the tree behind him.

Tim had already decided upon what to do.

And the instant he saw the flash he had dropped like a log upon the ground.

The pistol report had been heard at the roadhouse, and the next moment there was a sound of footsteps hurrying toward the knoll.

"We must get away from here," said the young man.

"There is no use leaving a thing half done," growled Jake Jagel.

Before Tim comprehended his design, he made a tiger spring, swung his powerful arms downward, and with the terrible strength of an athletic desperado at bay, pushed Kelly over the perpendicular fall of earth.

Of course, when he dropped the fellow believed his bullet had done its work. He had not suspected that Tim's apparently heavy fall was but a maneuver to save himself, no less than gain an advantage.

But the tiger spring and terrific push had prevented the advantage Tim meditated.

And before he fairly understood the scoundrel's move he was rolling down the descent and splashing in the water of the hollow.

The plunge was not highly agreeable, but it was not perilous.

And a little later, Kelly had recovered his revolver which he had dropped in the struggle, and was brushing his wet garments in a neighboring saloon.

Tim did not return to the road-house.

It was better for his purpose that Jake Jagel and his companion should believe him dead beneath the water of the hollow.

And his purpose, as may be supposed, was to prevent the robbery of the bank, and to capture the robbers in their attempt.

But more time had been consumed than Kelly thought. As he glanced at his watch he saw it was already past eleven o'clock.

The time mentioned was "one sharp." Kelly had not a moment to lose.

It lacked twenty minutes of the hour when he arrived at a point where he could begin operations. His first move was to send a couple of trusty officers to a certain spot in the vicinity of the bank, there to await orders, and his next was to secure a taxicab and chauffeur and to drive to Payson Prayne's residence. The old gentleman was bewildered at his astonishing discoveries. But he allowed himself to be hurried, hastily dressed, and scarcely yet awake, into the taxicab and to accompany him.

Kelly made his explanations as they drove along—at a rate of speed which caused more than one blue-coated spectator to flourish his night club in amazed protest.

The Prayne residence was not more than twenty blocks distant from the bank, which they reached just as an illuminated dial on a building near showed eight minutes past one.

"We are too late," the old gentleman groaned.

"We are just in the nick of time; we shall catch them in the midst of their job," Tim told him.

At a signal upon which they had agreed the two officers appeared, and they entered the building.

A ray of light, a rustle of paper, the clink of coin guided them to the spot where the bank thieves were engaged in their work of plunder.

They were moving noiselessly, on guard for a stampede; but despite their precaution their movements had reached the alert ears of the robbers.

Suddenly they caught the glimpse of a powerful man, masked, darting with lightning rapidity straight ahead, evidently with the design of effecting his escape in the rear. They made a dash forward, and as they did so a flying figure shot by them like a shadow and vanished into the street.

Tim knew in an instant that the latter was the young dandy who had so terrified the beautiful Annie Alden with his vehement declarations of love.

"I leave you to capture Jagel; I will pursue the other," said Tim to the nearer officer, as he whirled after the flying crook.

When Tim reached the pavement the first object upon which his eyes rested was their chauffeur.

He was scrambling painfully to his feet a rod or so away, and gazing with a dazed expression after the taxi itself, which was rolling with the speed of a locomotive out of sight around a distant corner.

"I was standing right here," our dazed chauffeur explained, "and of a suddent I was down afore I see what struck me. The feller jumped to my seat like a flash of lightning, and afore I could git myself together he was gone."

The bank thief was actually escaping in Tim's own car.

He knew he was already beyond immediate pursuit; it might take days and even months to trail a man as alert and cunning as he had proved himself to be. The detective went back into the bank.

The officers had succeeded in capturing the powerful man who had darted to the rear of the building.

He was Jake Jagel as Tim had already guessed.

He had fought like a tiger for liberty; and there had been a terrible struggle before he was subdued.

He looked the picture of sullen defiance as he stood, handcuffed at last between the two officers.

Byram Bodyne was found in the office.

He was gaged, bound, and blindfolded, and was agreeably astonished at the turn affairs had taken, as may be imagined. Tim discovered the watchman lying helpless in his own quarters. He had evidently been stupefied by drugged liquor, a bottle of which was beside him.

Altogether it was the most extraordinary plot in the line of bank robbery which had ever been brought before Kelly's notice.

Although the attempt had been foiled and the great bulk of the treasure untouched, a considerable amount in bank bills had been taken away by the fellow who had so coolly availed himself of the cab to effect his escape.

To all questions regarding the identity of his accomplice, Jake Jagel responded with a sullen grin:

"Well, I knew him from the first. He thought I didn't, but I did. I don't risk a job like this without knowing who's with me," he said.

"Could you tell me how he managed to get duplicates of the keys?"

"Well, he had the run of the place, I reckon."

"See here, Jake, I heard all your plot to shift suspicion upon Cashier Bodyne, and I heard a good deal more before

you sent your bullet flying toward me. This affair is going pretty hard for you. You might as well own up."

"I won't give him away," he answered with dogged obstinacy, but he started as if he had been struck when he understood Kelly was the party whom he had believed lying safe under the water of the hollow.

"This matter of the keys is a most incomprehensible thing. What was the fellow like?" said Mr. Prayne, addressing the detective.

Tim described the appearance of the elegantly dressed young man, who had so neatly escaped.

As he finished the old gentleman gasped and tottered back, his features as pale as ashes.

Kelly glanced toward young Bodyne; his face also bore that look of horrified intelligence.

In an instant Tim detected that the description of the unidentified thief had been recognized by both Mr. Prayne and the cashier.

"You suspect who he is?" said Kelly.

The old gentleman made a feeble denial; Byram Bodyne made no answer.

A strange thought flashed through the officer's mind. He believed he had again struck the trail.

When he at length left the bank, it was with the intention of calling upon Miss Annie Alden early the next day.

It was not wholly with the view of establishing the young man's identity that he purposed calling upon the young lady.

Kelly believed that he had arranged to quit the city, and if so it was quite possible he would before leaving try to effect a reconciliation with the woman he loved. The detective was correct in his surmise, as it proved.

As he neared the house the next morning, to his intense gratification, he beheld the unknown young man ascending the steps.

To summon a couple of officers was the work of an instant. Then they quietly made an entrance to the house and secured their prisoner.

The man was like a maniac.

He had renewed his professions of love, and entreated Annie Alden to leave the city with him as his wife. The information that she was already the betrothed wife of Byram Bodyne had maddened him and he had denounced her lover in the fiercest terms which jealousy can dictate or rage can frame.

The girl, terrified by his vehemence, had fallen swooning in the arms of her sister as the officers seized him.

"Take him out of the house—out of our sight! Stanley Prayne has killed her!" Annie's sister cried just as Kelly stepped upon the threshold of the room.

Stanley Prayne, the banker's son!"

The enigma was solved; everything was revealed in the utterance of that name.

Kelly did not wonder that Payson Prayne and his cashier had been struck dumb by the description of the unidentified thief.

It was brought to light afterward that the young man had been a gambler for years. It was to satisfy his mad passion for the gaming table that he had at length devised the wild scheme of robbing the bank. The certainty of exposure and the loss of the woman he loved had unsettled his reason, and he was never brought to trial. He was sent to a private asylum for the insane, where he soon afterward died.

Jake Jagel was tried, convicted, and received a sentence which will terminate when he is too old to repeat a similar offense.

The watchman was discharged in disgrace from the service of the bank—it was not shown that he was an accessory in the attempted robbery. The young cashier shortly afterward led Annie Alden to the altar as his bride. He has also recently been promoted to a yet more responsible position in the bank.

DEAD BOY SPOKE TO MOTHER

SIR OLIVER LODGE'S narration on incidents and experiments which he said convinced him that life continued after death and that it was quite possible to communicate with the actual personalities of loved ones who had passed on, interested and fascinated a great many of an audience which filled Carnegie Hall recently.

To those familiar with Sir Oliver's writings there was nothing strikingly new in his talk; but the impressive appearance of the man and his obvious sincerity lent added force to his arguments.

The most striking anecdote he told dealt with a "domestic communication" from beyond the grave—domestic communications, he said, being among the most convincing. The story ran thus:

A London financier named Stewart, a sceptic as to things spiritual, lost a son in the great war called Roger. This man's wife—to whom the boy had always been most devotedly attached—paid a visit to Peters, a strange medium, who knew nothing of the family. The boy's spirit said that "on the other side" he had been met by "John, Elizabeth, William and Edward."

Mr. Stewart was sure the medium knew none of those persons. He recognized John as his father, Elizabeth as his mother, and William as his brother, but could not place Edward. He learned later that Edward was a baby brother who had died before his birth and whose name he (Mr. Stewart) had never heard and of whose existence he scarcely knew.

When Mrs. Stewart, the devoted mother of the dead soldier, addressed him as Roger, he replied: "No; say 'Podger' (this being a nickname known only to the two). Through the medium the boy told that in a certain fold of his kit would be found all his letters from his mother—and so they were found, although the kit was then in France. The medium could not have known its contents.

Furthermore, Mrs. Stewart had a vision of her son in broad daylight at 8 A. M.

Sir Oliver narrated an experience he credited to Sir William Barrett, in which a soldier killed in France sent a message that he wanted a scarfpin which would be found in his luggage to be given to a certain young woman to whom he was engaged. His relatives did not know such a young woman and had never seen the pin described to them by the medium. But when his kit arrived the pin was found, also his will, which directed that the young woman be given all his possessions.

Besides the "domestic" variety of spirit communication, Sir Oliver described several others. One was the "classical," in which the spirit gave certain references from literature in answer to questions asked by the earthly, these references being beyond the educational limitations of the medium.

THE CLUE OF THE JASPER RING

By FRANK R. ROBERTSON

"WHAT business have you striking a man old enough to be your grandfather? Take that, and let him alone!"

The voice was low rather than loud, and it was evidently that of a youth suddenly aroused to unrestrainable indignation. His words were followed by the noise of a blow, quick as thought, and by no means light.

Then there were an apparently smothered execration, hurrying feet, followed by a slower and firmer tread, and immediately afterward only the ordinary sounds of a commonly quiet locality.

Harlem bridge was but a few blocks behind Dan Hale, and he was on the point of turning from Third avenue into a cross street when he heard what we have just recorded.

It was a still, moonlight evening, and as the detective rounded the corner he saw three figures.

The first was scudding along like a dark phantom in the shadow of the trees which bordered one sidewalk; and he was rapidly disappearing.

The second was on the opposite side, and he was vanishing more swiftly in the obscurity of the shaded pavement.

Neither were clearly distinguishable.

The third was a very elderly gentleman, bent and gray, and he was obviously in a state of dazed perturbation; he was coming, step by step, more closely toward Hale who stopped; at the same time he could not help giving utterance to an exclamation of surprise and curiosity.

The officer had recognized him as a Mr. Simon Bolton—a wholesale merchant with a large down-town establishment in Pearl street.

He lived in a fine, old-fashioned house a few doors away, and was just returning home from business.

"What's up, Mr. Bolton?" inquired the detective with a familiarity warranted by several years' acquaintance.

"By all that's lucky! is that you?" he returned. More in remark to the evidence of his eyes than ears, for the old gentleman was extremely deaf.

"It is myself, and none other."

"You have happened along in the nick of time. I have just been assaulted and robbed."

"Who were your assailants?"

The old gentleman had no suspicion as to their identity.

He had been walking leisurely along when he felt an arm about his neck and a hand like a vise clutching his throat. The vise-like clutch deprived him of any power to move or think clearly. He knew some other person ran hurriedly across the street, and that a blow had been dealt.

But he was under the impression that the two were confederates, and that the blow was but a pretense designed to confuse his mind and render pursuit more ineffectual.

Anyway, his pockets had been rifled in a lightning flash.

A roll of bills had been taken, and also a forged check. The forged check bore what purported to be his signature, had been duly cashed at the bank for a considerable amount, and he had secured it by assuming the responsibility of the deficit.

At Hale's suggestion they walked back to the spot where the assault and robbery had been committed. It was at a point midway between two distant street lamps, and, being in the shadow of the bordering trees, was gloomy in the extreme.

The light of an electric bull's-eye, however, obviated the difficulty of darkness. Hale hoped that in the struggle the assailants might have dropped something which would afford a clue, however slight, and his hopes were not disappointed. A thorough search of the spot was rewarded by finding a seal ring—a small oblong of green jasper set in solid gold. The oblong of jasper was carved in an intaglio—a miniature pine with a serpent's head for the trunk. At sight of the ring, a triumphant ejaculation burst from Mr. Bolton's lips.

"I place the clue and the case in your hands," said he. "That ring is an heirloom in the Malloy family. The older Malloy is one of my trusted accountants. He has a son—Mort—who, as a penman, is a marvel."

"What am I to infer from that?"

"The inference is plain enough. It was not my money the scroundrel who assaulted me wanted; it was the forged check."

"Ah, I see."

"Young Mort Malloy is the forger. He had discovered in some way that I have taken up the check. He knew if he could get hold of it and destroy it, he need not fear much of a case being made out against him."

"Why should he have leagued himself with an accomplice? It strikes me he would be too clever to do that if he is as cunning a villain as you suppose."

"I am so certain my suspicions are right, that I shall make a charge against him at once."

As the old gentleman spoke, he had halted under a street lamp to inspect more minutely his rifled pockets.

"The young scamp has taken with the rest a letter which I had not yet read. It was important, too. It was from the head of our branch house in London, and contained information in regard to the financial standing of the gentleman whom I should wish to see my daughter's husband. The writer was on the eve of starting for Australia, and I may not hear from him again in some time."

How important a part that letter was to play in the evidence for and against young Mort Malloy, neither of them guessed at the moment.

Hale had no difficulty in finding the young man.

In fact he met him the very next morning before the entrance of a large book-binding establishment where he was employed. He was just going to work and looked rather impatient when Dan stopped him.

"I shall be docked if I am late. Can you not let your business wait until the dinner hour?" he asked.

He was scarcely more than a youth; he had a round, beardless face; his brown eyes had a merry, honest look; his manner was frank and manly.

"Is this ring yours?" Hale asked, as he held the green jasper intaglio before him.

He admitted readily that it was.

"Do you remember where you lost it?"

"Of course I do; I lost it last evening in a cross street near Harlem Bridge. A tall young chap was choking an

old gentleman, and I interfered. In the scuffle the ring must have been torn from my finger."

"You knew the old gentleman was Mr. Bolton?"

"At the moment of the attack I did not. In an instant afterward, though, I saw he was the father of—of——"

The young fellow hesitated, and his boyish face colored like that of a schoolgirl.

"The father of a very pretty young lady with whom you had been walking a few moments before," said the detective.

"I don't know what business you have to catechise me, nor where you got your information, but I am not afraid to admit the latter is correct."

Dan had made a few investigations the previous evening, and had ascertained that a romantic attachment existed between the accused young book-binder and Mr. Bolton's only daughter.

He had learned, too, that the father had no suspicion of the existing state of affairs.

"I should think you would have collared Mr. Bolton's assailant, and handed him over to the police," said Dan.

"He was too much for me; he stopped the scuffle by running away. I pursued him, but it was no use."

"What was he like?"

"He was tall and muscular; dark like a mulatto; his eyebrows were so dark and heavy, I had a notion they were false. He wore a broad felt hat, and a short cape over his coat."

"How far did you follow him?"

"Until he jumped into a light buggy and drove away. I knew the horse."

"You did?"

"It was a little spotted brown and white beast, kept for hire in a livery stable up the Boulevard."

At this crisis in the conversation, Hale had decided that Mort Malloy was innocent of the crime imputed to him by his father's employer.

As Dan ceased questioning Mort he thrust his hands in his pockets, and turned as if to hurry inside to his work. As he did so, it would seem one hand must have come in contact with an unfamiliar article.

For at the instant he suddenly jerked something forth, stared at it, and then whirled abruptly back to the detective.

He looked the picture of dumb amazement.

What he had jerked forth were a letter and a small roll of bills. The officer reached for them, and he handed them over without the slightest hesitation.

The letter bore the London post-mark, and was addressed to Mr. Simon Bolton. The bills bore a certain mark, which the old gentleman had mentioned to me, and which stamped them unmistakably as the stolen money.

"The mulatto-looking chap must have stuffed them in my pocket during the scuffle," said Mort, looking the picture of consternation.

What Dan thought did not matter. Under the circumstances it was his duty to take the young fellow into custody, and his next move was to start for the livery stable up the Boulevard, where a certain brown and white-spotted horse was kept for hire. He had turned into a parallel avenue a block away, when he noticed an elegantly attired young gentleman walking some distance ahead of him.

He recognized him as the young Englishman whom Mr. Bolton had selected as the future husband of his only daughter. The Britisher had been welcomed in society as the younger son of a titled family; was known as the Marquis Clarence St. Clair; and he was reputed to be enormously wealthy. The detective smiled as he thought of the letter which had been found so strangely in the young book-binder's pocket that very morning, and which was now reposing snugly in one of his own.

He had shown that letter to Mr. Bolton about three hours before; and the old gentleman had nearly strangled with wrath when he read it.

But Dan was not shadowing the Marquis St. Clair at the moment. He was on the trail of the mulatto-looking chap whom Mr. Bolton believed to be the young book-binder's accomplice. The officer had already learned that the forged check had been presented at the bank by an individual of his description—dark, tall, muscular, and wearing a broad felt hat with a short cape over his coat. This man without a doubt was the real forger.

As Dan walked on, carelessly eying the elegant marquis just ahead, he sauntered up to the stable yard connected with one of the small hotels which abound in that locality.

A groom appeared and took his order for a saddle horse; evidently it was his intention to enjoy a canter down the avenue which was just beginning to fill with equestrians and brilliant equipages.

At the moment a coarsely-dressed man who had been loitering across the street turned and walked up to him. Hale had approached so closely that as he stood sheltered by an angle of the building, he could hear their words and see the expression of their countenances.

As the man spoke he could have tossed his hat in the air with a rousing cheer at his intense satisfaction. The detective knew that handsome, innocent Mort Malloy was saved.

"There's no use denying nothing," said the man; "you're the chap who hired the spotted horse at our place over there, and we want our pay for the broken wagon."

The Marquis St. Clair attempted an air of haughty astonishment.

"It's no use; you are the man, and a fine guy, too, I'm thinking! You left what's dead against you over there," repeated the other, jerking a thumb in the direction of the livery stable in the Boulevard.

"You are mistaken in the person, my good fellow," St. Clair returned, haughtily.

"I ain't mistaken about the false eyebrows you left in the buggy, nor how you washed the mulatto black from your face in the horse bucket when you thought nobody was looking. But your tricks and beating it away won't save you from paying damages. The hat and cape you left won't pay, I reckon. Just hand over twenty-five dollars, or I'll call a cop."

Hale stepped from behind the angle of the building.

"An officer is here. I want this man for forgery and assault," said Dan, as he slipped the bracelets over his elegantly-gloved hands.

The charge was fully proven against him.

As the letter to Mr. Bolton had revealed he was a notorious impostor and adventurer, who had never before, however, been convicted of any heinous offense.

But he had overmatched his own cunning when he slipped Mr. Bolton's money and stolen letter into young Mort's pockets.

But for that trick to incriminate an innocent man, he might have escaped detection and ultimately married Mr. Bolton's daughter.

The handsome young book-binder was speedily released, and Mr. Bolton was agreeably surprised when he learned the whole truth of the affair.

He had always liked Mort, whom he now regarded as a much wronged man.

Eventually he consented to a marriage between the young fellow and his pretty daughter.

TRAILING AN OLD BLACK VALISE

By ANNIE VAN DYK TREMAINE

AN ordinary valise, of ordinary black leather would not, under ordinary circumstances, seem likely to excite the special cupidity of anybody.

But a valise believed to be stuffed with Liberty bonds and railroad stocks presents a different and more tempting aspect.

And the valise, the incidents of the theft of which I am about to relate, contained not only securities of the sort mentioned, but also a handsome amount in ready money.

It was the property of a Mr. Caslin Isdall, a gentleman who had accumulated a fortune in a commercial line, but who had retired from active business, and resided in a substantial country house a short distance up the Hudson.

The account of the theft was narrated to me by the gentleman himself upon the eve of its committal, as he had come to me at once and employed my services in the case.

He had taken the bonds and stocks that morning from a friend; after the business transaction had been arranged, he had cashed some coupons of his own; immediately afterward he had proceeded to the Forty-second street terminal. He had always considered the old black valise as quite safe for the carrying of money and papers. It was a shabby article, not at all likely to attract notice, and he was accustomed to use it for the purpose.

There was a crowd of excursionists about him as he approached the ticket window; for once he had neglected his invariable habit of having the exact change ready; in the delay of fumbling for the correct amount, he placed the valise for a second on the ledge beside him, but had scarcely done so, when a hand and arm were projected forward as swiftly and indistinctly as a shadow, and the valise had disappeared.

The singular theft had been committed with such extraordinary rapidity and dexterity, that he scarcely realized he had been robbed before the bold and cunning perpetrator was swallowed up in the crowd of excursionists. Indeed, the thief had shown such marvelous celerity that Mr. Isdall had not even time to decide whether the arm and hand were those of a man or of a woman.

"It was done in a wink," he said to me; "it was done so quickly that not one of a score of people pressing upon me observed anything unusual. They stared as if they thought I had suddenly gone stark, raving mad when I wheeled around and called out that I had been robbed."

I could not help smiling at the injured expression of the old gentleman's countenance, as he spoke.

"And when I explained to an officer what had occurred, he had the impertinence to hint that perhaps I had taken a glass too much; that no man in his senses would carry a bank vault around in a shabby old valise anyhow," Mr. Isdall continued so lugubriously that I laughed outright.

"Who was present when you transacted the business with your friend, or witnessed the cashing of the coupons, or who would be likely to know what was in the valise?"

"You think I had been followed from the time my business was finished?"

"Possibly."

"I can think of no one who would have been likely to follow me."

"And no one who knew you carried a small fortune in a shabby black leather bag? Think again!"

"Well, there is Wat McElroy—the clerk in my friend's office!—he knew, of course!"

"What kind of a fellow is he!—above suspicion?"

"Now I come to think of it, I believe he is the man—the man," said the old gentleman, bringing one clenched hand down with an emphatic thud upon my desk.

The remainder of our conversation was comparatively unimportant. Altogether there was nothing which I could regard as much of a clue in the singular case. I was pretty certain Caslin Isdall had been followed and robbed by somebody who was familiar with his habits and business relations, but beyond that I could not perceive the glimmer of a trail.

My first move was to satisfy myself as to the reputation borne by Walter McElroy.

"Watty will take care of number one." "He is as keen as a razor." "He is a wonderfully fine fellow." "Honest as the sun." "His ambition to get up in the world, and to get up fast, may be his downfall," were among the various things heard said of him.

Then I managed to get an interview with him without his suspecting my purpose or who I was.

What I saw was a short, stout, olive-skinned, ruddy-cheeked youth of not more than twenty-two.

"Why, I have met you before! Ah, I remember! Didn't I see you at the Forty-second Street Depot yesterday?" I remarked.

"Why?"

The single word came sharp as a bullet from his lips: there was a quick flash from his bright eyes—fearless eyes, as big and brown as those of a gypsy.

"Why? I can't say—only I have a trick of remembering every face I have once seen. Didn't I see you?" I persisted.

"I was there about noon. I had an appointment." He answered with more defiance than willingness, it appeared to me. I made a note of the fact and felt I had scored a point. The young fellow admitted he was there—on the scene of the theft—and at the very time when the theft had been accomplished! The admission seemed to bring me a step nearer to the trail. But it was one of these peculiarly mysterious cases which may require months of patient investigation before any really conclusive evidence may be detected; and therefore I did not feel particularly elated by what I had learned.

The true detective, like the ardent huntsman, has a wholesome distaste for anything like a false scent. And I was not by any means convinced that Watty McElroy was the guilty party. Indeed, his entire manner impressed me as directly the reverse.

I left him to board a subway car for the Grand Central depot.

What I learned there might be material or immaterial—I could not decide which at the moment.

A taxi chauffeur—one whom I knew and whom I had once befriended in such a fashion that he would hardly dare any attempt at deception with me—distinctly re-

called having his vehicle taken by an individual whose excited demeanor had aroused his curiosity.

This had happened about noon—just at the time when Mr. Isdall had aroused a commotion with the outcry that he had been robbed.

The chauffeur had a clear recollection of the young gentleman who had hailed his taxi.

He was fashionably dressed and of a rather swell appearance, and had been accompanied by a girl, plainly attired, who was possibly a servant, and unmistakably from the country.

The young gentleman had helped the girl into the cab and then walked hurriedly away. The girl carried a small valise of shabby black leather, fastened by a large and peculiarly shaped lock-clasp of brass.

At this information I could scarcely restrain an exclamation of satisfaction. I believed I had struck the trail.

The chauffeur had given me a clear description of the strange couple, and also the number and street to which he had driven the girl. The description was that of a young man of medium size, neither thin nor stout, with dark skin and black hair. He might be young McElroy and he might not. But the slight evidence so far brought to light seemed to point to the clerk as being the criminal.

I left the depot and proceeded to the address the chauffeur had scrawled on a fragment of note paper. It was nearly dark when I reached the house—a three-storied brick building, the last of a row all exactly alike. My astonishment may be imagined when I ascended the steps only to perceive that the house was empty. I glanced at the scrawled address; I had made no mistake, and I was certain the chauffeur had not attempted to mislead me.

He had evidently left the girl there, and had not himself observed that the house was untenated. And I was correct in these surmises, as was afterwards shown.

By a few inquiries in the neighborhood I learned that the house had been vacant for some time. The row was the property of a miserly and generally disliked old lady, who resided somewhere north of the city. Her nephew—a wild young fellow, known as Frank Dayne—had been noticed about the empty building the previous evening.

At the mention of that name I started. Dayne was a frequent visitor at the Isdall mansion, and was regarded as a favored suitor for the hand of Miss Florence, the venerable gentleman's only daughter.

The mystery of the black valise seemed to be more impenetrable than before. But I had determined to inspect the interior of the house, and I at once proceeded to effect an entrance. To do this was comparatively easy. I had only to force the already broken panel of a basement shutter; the blade of my pocket-knife slipped between the sashes, turned the window-hasp aside; then I had only to throw up the lower sash and step into what had been used as a dining-room.

My next proceeding was to light the stump of a wax candle I chanced to have in one of my pockets, as it was already nightfall, and pitchy dark inside.

I ascended to the upper floors, seeing nothing and hearing nothing.

But my adventure had only begun.

As I descended again to the parlor floor, I noticed a dark object on the floor of the back apartment which I had not yet closely inspected.

What I picked up was a woman's veil—a cheap affair of coarse, brown silk tissue—and with it a crumpled note written in a man's hurried hand.

"I have written the directions so you will make no mistake," I read.

Then followed minute instructions how the recipient of the note was to reach a certain obscure railway station, what train to take, and at what hour the writer might be expected there.

"And now, Ella, I trust you to bring back the black valise if anything occurs to prevent my coming for it. It will be safe enough in the empty house until you are ready to start."

So the black valise had actually been hidden in the house!—perhaps in that very room!

As the thought flashed upon my brain, my eyes fell upon a loose pile of rubbish in one corner, and an ejaculation broke from my lips.

There was the black valise before my very sight, only half concealed by the loose fragments of worn carpeting, and odds and ends such as are usually left after the removal of a tenant.

In an instant I had it in my grasp.

But at that instant there were stealthy footsteps behind me; a shadow seemed to glide beside me, and before I could turn or move a muscle a figure hurled itself upon me and I was felled to the floor.

Of course I was totally unprepared for an attack of that kind, or the sudden assault would hardly have overpowered me.

As it was, the valise was snatched from my hands. I had one glimpse of a dark-skinned face, livid with fear and passion. I was conscious of the scoundrel's excited retreat, and then I knew no more.

In my fall my forehead had struck heavily against the point of the iron mantel-piece, and insensibility was produced by a wound which, less than an inch lower, would have resulted in instant death.

It was broad daylight when I recovered my senses.

I glanced at my watch.

It lacked three hours yet of the time appointed for the girl Ella to arrive at the obscure railway station designated in the note.

Weak as I was, I resolved to undertake the trip. If I succeeded, the property might be recovered and the criminals punished; if I failed, there was no doubt young McElroy would be subjected to degrading suspicions, if not to imprisonment. It is needless to say I lost no time in that painful and anxious three hours' journey. I left the train, made a little detour of the station building, and then strolled up to the platform. There were but few passengers in the waiting-room, and no one who resembled the description of the two I sought. Outside several others were standing in groups or walking idly about, but among them I could not detect the fashionably-dressed young gentleman and the unfashionably-attired girl for whom I was searching.

I had reached the farther angle of the platform, where was a sheltered and secluded seat, when I stopped.

At a few paces distant I beheld the dark-skinned, pallid-faced individual whose tiger spring had felled me the previous night.

He was in close conversation with an honest-featured rustic, and as I drew nearer I espied a girl whom I at once decided was the "Ella of the note.

I had not arrived too late; my prisoners were within my reach.

"The valise must be delivered to Walter McElroy; it must be seen by nobody but him," the young man was saying.

I stepped across the space between us, and had an

iron grip upon him so suddenly that any resistance would have been useless.

"I will take charge of the black valise, Frank Dayne," I said. "Your plot to fix your own guilt upon an innocent man has failed."

I had slipped handcuffs over his wrists, and had unguardedly loosened my grip upon him as I turned to the girl Ella.

At that moment a train came thundering down the track. Dayne uttered a terrible sound, and before I could suspect his purpose, he had wrenched himself away from me, leaped down to the rails and flung himself directly beneath the wheels.

Suicide had robbed Justice of her vengeance.

There is little to be explained. Dayne had been a polished scoundrel all his life. The girl Ella was innocent of any complicity in the theft of the black valise; she loved him, and she had simply obeyed his instructions. His awful death and the knowledge of his crimes unsettled her reason, and she was committed to an insane asylum.

Dayne had planned the disgrace of Walter McElroy because that handsome and manly young fellow had supplanted him in the affections of Mr. Isdall's beautiful daughter, Florence.

It was to escort Miss Florence to her party among the excursionists that young McElroy had gone to the depot that day.

Mr. Isdall had objected to the clerk's attentions to his daughter, but after the disclosure of Dayne's villainy he withdrew his objections.

Walter and Florence were shortly afterward married, and Walter is now a prospering business man. He never knew how near he stood to prison and disgrace during the eventful time I was trailing the old black valise.

SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS' CANOES

THE inhabitants of all the islands are good boat-builders and intrepid sailors. There are on record authentic accounts of Polynesians sailing from Samoa and Hawaii over two thousand miles in their frail craft. Undoubtedly it was some voyagers from these islands that peopled New Zealand with the tribes known as Maoris. There are several types of canoes used in the islands, some made of hollowed logs with outriggers, and others pieced together with driftwood, for on some islands no boat building timber grew.

The natives of the Gilbert, Marshall and Ellice groups of islands were entirely dependent on drift-wood, for the screw pine, or pandamus, and cocoanut growing there were useless for boat material. Worse still, there were no stones upon the islands out of which to make tools. Still they managed to construct most serviceable craft. The marvellous thing about these people's canoes is that the wood which composes them is chiefly Douglas fir, obtained from logs which have been carried by kindly ocean currents nearly six thousand miles from the coast of North America and dumped where they were most badly needed. Before the people had intercourse with the white men they obtained their tools from the shell of the giant clam, which sometimes reaches a weight of a ton. The drift logs were cut into strips and fitted to form the canoe body, and sewn together with string, called coir, made from cocoanut husks. Pieces of pandamus are used to caulk the seams. Not a single piece of metal is used, and the completed canoe is a marvelous example of what men can do with crude materials and tools.

War vessels are equipped with high sides to prevent boarding by the enemy, and have a raised platform upon which the warriors stand when in action. The trading craft belong to a tribe which specializes in making pottery. A number of families from this tribe make yearly voyages along the coast, trading with those tribes not skilled in pottery making, exchanging pottery for various kinds of food the other tribes specialize in getting. These craft are very wide of beam and are made of a number of logs lashed together with a platform of bamboo on top. Several families live on those sometimes for six months when the voyages last so long.

A NEGRO UTOPIA

THE "promised land" for the Southern negro is in a 35,000 acre tract in Lonoke Co., Ark., where a new idea negro community is being built and for which a set of laws has been laid down that forbids almost every kind of amusement save "huntin' 'possum" and whose code is "work," on the theory that idleness is the worst enemy of the negro, the old saw about "all work and no play" to the contrary notwithstanding.

There will be no dancing, no shooting "craps," no card playing, no loafing, no fighting. About the only thing that this new and fast growing community will be permitted to do is hunt. Not even baseball is admitted within the limits of lawful amusement.

And the chief aim is the establishment of a big factory to turn out high quality and artistic coffins.

The "promised land" surrounds the community centre that has been named Allport and to which 568 families have gone, each to take up and improve forty acres of land. Next year all business, most of which now is conducted by whites, will be taken over by negroes, and one year from now the whole community's law and order, religion, administration and any other work that may fall under these general headings will be in the hands exclusively of negroes who live in the community.

The "bad nigger" is barred. It takes a first rate "character" to gain a place in the community. And—no Northern negroes, or negroes who have gone to the North from the South, can hope to find a haven in or near Allport. The lines are closely drawn and there are no exceptions.

The moving spirit for this Utopia for negroes and the one who is responsible for most of the ideas that are being worked out, for the enforcement of its laws and for most of the other things that pertain to living and learning and prospering, is the Rev. R. Amos, negro "elder," as he calls himself, who has been a leader of his race in Arkansas for a good many years. At this particular time, however, he is going through the State conducting meetings for the particular purpose of striking down what he terms "vicious propaganda" aimed to create discord between negroes and whites. He has held sixty-four meetings to teach contentment to his race. His work has been indorsed by Governor C. H. Brough, of Arkansas, and by a good many other white people.

SIGNALS FROM THE PLANETS

REGARDING the strange signals recorded on wireless instruments around the end of January of this year a number of celebrated scientists have expressed their views. The first opinion was given by Guglielmo Marconi who thus explains his idea of the miracle which seems to indicate that Mars, Venus or some other planet is not only inhabited, but is trying desperately to get into communication with the mortals of this world.

"I should be a bold speculator were I to declare positively that one or more of the planets are attempting to send us some kind of message, but it is equally futile to deny such a thing is possible, in view of our incomplete knowledge of such a profound subject," says Marconi.

"What is certain is that wireless stations are periodically receiving weird signals of uncertain import and indefinite origin. Obviously, since Mars is situated somewhere near in the inter-planetary space, the source of such signals might be there or on some other planet. There is nothing, however, to show that this is the case, and I do not want my fanciful speculations to be interpreted to mean that I have received intelligible or unintelligible messages from space outside the earth.

"What has actually happened in this throbbing mystery is that signals have been received which are apparently due to electro-magnetic waves of great length which are not merely stray signals. Occasionally such signals can be imagined to correspond with certain letters of the Morse code. They steal in at out stations irregularly at all seasons. What is their mysterious origin? The scientist who can answer this question will become immortal. At the same time, we must not overlook the fact that the possible seat of those signals may be the sun, where, as is well known, electrical disturbances occur.

"Perhaps it may aid the inquiry if I say that we do not get the signals unless a minimum of a sixty-five mile wave length. Sometimes we hear these planetary or inter-planetary sounds twenty or thirty minutes after sending out a long wave. They do not interrupt traffic, but when they occur they are very persistent. The most familiar signal received is curiously musical. It comes in the form of three short raps, which may be interpreted as the Morse letter "S," but there are other sounds which may stand for other letters. I must insist, however, that no connected letters hit in, and therefore nothing like a message intelligible to us has been received. The war prevented an investigation of the Hertzian mystery, but now our organization intends to undertake a thorough probe."

Later on Marconi said:

"I desire to protest against the interpretations that appear to have been put upon statements which I have made at intervals during the last few years with regard to the possible sources of what are being termed mysterious messages from the unknown. Wireless messages are transmitted through the ether by the agency of electro-magnetic waves of definite lengths which can be adjusted, and in order to receive such messages the receivers must be tuned to the particular wave length that is used for transmission. At times, signals are received which are apparently due to electro-magnetic waves of great length (up to hundreds of miles) and these signals are of the same character as those commonly called X's, or strays. Occasionally such signals can be imagined to correspond to the Morse signals for certain letters and these signals occur at all seasons and irregularly.

"The sources of such signals are not known. They may be in the atmosphere or outside it and due to electrical disturbances. If outside the atmosphere they may arise in any point of interplanetary space where it is well known electrical disturbances occur.

"Obviously, since the planet Mars is situated somewhere near interplanetary space, the source of such signals might be on it or any other planet. There is nothing, however, to show that this is the case nor must any purely fanciful speculations of mine be interpreted to mean that I asserted having received any intelligible or unintelligible messages from Mars or from any other point in space outside the earth."

Doctor C. B. Abbot, the famous astronomer of the Smithsonion Institute at Washington, has this to say about the singular phenomena:

"If wireless messages were being received on the earth from some other planet, it is not Mars sending the signal, but most probably Venus."

Dr. Abbot is not only Director of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory but is also Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. Dr. Abbot makes no claim that the mysterious wireless signals do come from another planet but says, if they do, Mars is eliminated as a possibility because known conditions on that planet probably would not permit the existence of any form of living creature.

"In the first place," said Dr. Abbot, "on account of the greater distance, nearly two and one half times less radiation from the sun reaches Mars than reaches the earth. It is probably nearly 100 per cent colder on the average on that distant planet than on the earth. Knowing what low temperatures occur on this earth in the course of the winter season, it will readily be realized what 100 degrees colder would mean. In the second place, even if any form of life could withstand that degree of cold, it is definitely known by the investigations of Director Campbell of Lick Observatory that there is practically no water vapor in the atmosphere surrounding Mars, which fact crosses out the possibility of that planet's supporting any vegetation or other form of food for living creatures. The polar caps which are seen on Mars may be either hoar frost from the minute traces of water vapor in the Martian atmosphere, or what is quite as probable, frozen carbonic acid gas. The so-called canals of Mars are nonexistent except as indefinite markings, according to such telescopic observers as Barnard, Hale and others who have observed with great telescopes under well nigh perfect conditions. But, it is objected, there may be other strange forms of beings which need no water or vegetation or heat. This is also reduced to impossibility by the fact that all living things are made up largely of different compounds of carbon. While the spectrum shows that

there is carbon on all heavenly bodies, the chemical combinations of this element, such as are required for life, mostly require temperatures above freezing to prevent rigidity. So the extremely low temperatures on Mars, probably never higher than zero, would not allow the carbon compounds to exist in a condition suitable for originating life.

"The planet Venus, on the other hand, shows every condition necessary for maintaining life. It is nearly the same size as the earth and is even nearer the sun than the earth is. This would apparently make the climate considerably hotter on Venus except for the fact that its atmosphere is continually cloudy. This universal cloudiness, by reflecting the radiation from the sun, reduces the temperature to about the same range as that experienced here on the earth. This cloudiness also shows a sufficient amount of water-vapor to support vegetation and higher forms of life. As regards the possibility of receiving wireless messages from another planet, Venus at its nearest approach to the earth is 25,000,000 miles away, whereas Mars is at least 50,000,000."

When the subject of the mysterious signals was broached to Professor Howe, technical associate of Marconi in London, he said:

"We get light waves traveling ninety-two million miles distant from the sun, and electro-magnetic waves are of the same nature, so why shouldn't we get wireless messages from the same distance? Unfortunately, we are ignorant of the effect of rarity of atmosphere upon Hertzian waves. Temperature conditions on Mars are like those nourishing human life here. Wireless operators hear sizzling, grinding noises and clickings, which are all unintelligible and extraneous. It has been the general belief that these are due to atmospheric disturbances, possibly incipient thunderstorms, but we do not know for certain.

"All we know is that electro-magnetic waves are received from an unknown source. The most important part of Signor Marconi's statement is his attribution of the noises to alphabetical letters. It is not inherently impossible that the people inhabiting Mars have a life, language and Morse code similar to ours. The farthest world wireless message sent out so far is one from England to Australia—12,000 miles."

The suggestion attributed to Marconi that somebody on the moon or on Mars or another planet is cutting in on the wireless is unbelievable as well as a dream, according to Sir Richard Gregory, the distinguished scientist, who is professor of astronomy at Queens College, London, and editor of the scientific weekly *Nature*. Sir Richard said that a person can believe anything he wants to about the moon or Mars, but the fact is there has never been any proof of the habitation of the moon or Mars or the other planets. Sir Richard said the reported wireless phenomenon is similar to the reaction on a suspended magnetic needle due to the magnetic influence of the sun. He added:

"Photographic records of the variations of a suspended magnetic needle are of exactly the same character as would be these mysterious wireless signals if the latter were photographed instead of oral. In addition, there is no reason for believing that the magnetic influence of the sun cannot react through the ether on a wireless receiver just as easily as through the ether on a magnetic needle. Years ago I suggested to H. G. Wells that he construct a story from a pretended reading of messages from magnetic needle records. Wells was greatly struck with the idea, but I do not know whether he used it. Regarding Marconi's alleged statement that he often got a repetition of the same alleged message, I can only say that frequent repetitions of the same curve or series of curves can be found in needle records."

Sir Frank Dyson, the British astronomer, when shown the foregoing opinions, said:

"Signor Marconi's announcement revives one of the world's greatest mysteries. Personally, I question whether our age will solve the problem of inter-planetary communication. Still, I believe we could get Hertzian waves from other planets, but I could not indulge in further speculation."

SOME STRANGE PATENTS

IN enumerating some of the strange patents sanctioned by the Patent Office an attorney mentions a tornado proof house, the invention of a New England man. It is built on a pivot so that every breeze turns it with its head to the wind.

Among other inventions is a "pedal calorificator," with which one can blow upon one's toes to warm them. It is a tube, worn under the clothes, with a branch leading to each foot and a mouthpiece at the top. Then there are a polisher for false teeth—merely the end of a corncob stuck on a stick; a sanitary pocket for carrying chewing gum, a wooden pin for preventing snoring, a noiseless alarm clock that yanks the sleeper's arm instead of ringing, another that starts a mechanism that throws him out of bed, and a machine for counting eggs as they are laid.

CEDARS OF LEBANON DESTROYED BY WAR

ONE of the stories of the war that will affect nature lovers comes from Palestine, where the cedars of Lebanon have almost entirely disappeared from their native mountains, having been cut to supply fuel for military locomotives. Many of them were 2,000 years old, having passed their infancy 100 years before the Christian era began.

These giant growths thrived best in the mountains just south of Beirut. Pliny, the Roman historian, said the durability of their wood was everlasting. The Arabs regarded the trees as endowed with the principle of perpetual existence. Timbers unearthed in the ruins of ancient Assyrian cities have been found practically unchanged after the vicissitudes of 2,000 years.

In the recent war, as reported by a writer for the San Francisco *Argonaut*, the forests, which were historic when the army of Sennacherib laid waste the country in 608 B. C., as mentioned in the Psalms of David, were ravaged by the Turks to feed locomotives that drew trains from Beirut to Damascus. The conquerors of the Turks continued the practice. In ancient times the oil of the tree was thought to have curative properties and was applied to the bodies of sufferers from leprosy. The Romans used the oil to preserve their manuscripts.

"Individual trees often attained a girth of 42 feet and height of 90 feet was common, and the spread of the branches, exceeding the height, always made a profound impression upon beholders."

WITCH DOCTORS OF THE FAR NORTH

By CHARLES FLINT

IN the great frozen wastes of the white Arctic the Eskimo Medicine Man plies an interesting trade. Throughout the long ages superstitions have persisted and endured in spite of the biting tongues of such great minds as Voltaire and Tyndall and Huxley. It is not among the ignorant and uncivilized alone that this is so, for thousands of the brightest minds of to-day are earnestly delving into the occult through the many doors which modern psychology has opened. The reason is the basis of fact from which nearly every superstition starts.

The purely Eskimo community is incomplete without its Medicine Man. The larger part of his practice is in the relieving of varous ills. It seems that the patient calls at his igloo with advance payments or preliminary gifts and explains his case. The Medicine Man after a proper and dignified deliberation agrees to combat the evil spirits and solemnly prepares a ceremonial wherein grotesque masks and costumes are donned. The chants and dances of exorcism then take place.

In the patient's simple mind every part of the performance has had an effect—has produced a strong impression of the other's power. The chant lulls his senses and opens his mind to receive any strong suggestion that is given. The result is obvious in the majority of cases. When the climax is reached he absorbs and believes the command that he is cured and the powerful auto-suggestion thus induced very frequently accomplishes the desired result.

In some instances, by means of a little sleight-of-hand the practitioner produces a small piece of meat which he claims to have drawn from his patient's side, and which was causing the trouble.

Lulling the senses and driving home an impression are the implements of this doctor. The law of suggestion is far-reaching. There are a myriad methods of detail.

Some of the lighter phenomena of psychology have been observed on some occasions. The Medicine Man produces auto-hypnosis by his gyrations and solemn dances during which subjective state he answers questions of importance put to him by his following. The keen intuitive powers of the subjective mind is the answer to this.

The Medicine Man sometimes induces a hypnotic state upon a patient resulting in catalepsy. The operation and its director are the objects of respectful awe. Among the ice hills the Medicine Man is a power, an object of fear and revenue because he is mysterious and because the extent of his ability is unknown. C. F.

"DIRECTION SENSE"

THE apparently marvellous way in which Indians, Eskimos and other primitive peoples make their way through forests, snow covered areas or other regions that have little to indicate direction to white newcomers has led to a widespread belief that they possess a mysterious sixth sense of direction.

Stefanson, the Arctic traveler, who has lived much with Eskimos, is very skeptical about the existence of any superiority of sense of direction among primitive peoples of any kind, and gives strong evidence from personal experience that Eskimos have no such superiority.

The ability of Indians and others to find their way he attributes solely to their familiarity with the country through which they are passing. They note many things that they have seen before and that have no significance to the stranger in their land. White men can and do acquire the same ability to find their way when they have learned to know a country. When the land is equally strange to the white man and the Indian or the Eskimo, the white man, because of his better developed reasoning power, is more likely to have a correct line of direction.

Stefanson tells how, at a time when his little party was in great need of food, one of his Eskimos, Tannaumirk, came home late at night and caused great rejoicing by relating his success in killing a caribou which he had started to pursue early in the morning. He was the hero of the hour and recounted his adventures in great detail. When he finished his story Stefanson asked him whether it was a long way to the spot where the meat lay and whether he had cached it safely. The Eskimo's answer was that he had covered the meat with snow and set traps by it, and that the place was a long way off. Stefanson volunteered to go with him the next morning, but Tannaumirk said this would not be necessary; if he were to start early in the morning he would, without assistance, be able to get the meat home by night. Bright and early the next day he was off with sleds and dogs, but it had long been pitch dark when he returned. In answer to questions he said that he had been hurried all the time; that he had hastily loaded the meat on the sled, had set two additional traps by the deer kill, making four altogether, and had come right back home.

The next day about noon Tannaumirk had gone off somewhere to set fox traps. Stefanson and his companion, Dr. Anderson, heard some of their dogs howling and whining behind a ridge about half a mile away from the camp. The sounds indicated that the dogs had been caught in traps. As the weather was about 40 degrees below zero there was danger that the dogs' paws, if pinched in traps, would freeze quickly and render the dogs valueless for service. Stefanson and Anderson hastened, therefore, to the rescue. They found four of the dogs, as they expected, with their feet caught in traps. But what greatly surprised them was to find these traps around the deer kill which Tannaumirk had taken so many hours to reach in his trips back and forth. The explanation was that Tannaumirk, in starting after the deer, had followed it as it took a circuitous course of more than ten miles. After shooting the deer he had followed the trail over which he had come, and in going after the meat he had once more made the circuitous trip, covering more than twenty miles in a round trip to a spot that was less than half a mile away. White men even of slight education would make allowance for the angles of direction and would cut across, but Stefanson says that the Indians or the Eskimos in his experience have no such notion, but in returning from a point will travel over the same route by which they reached it.

THE SCIENCE OF FORTUNE-TELLING

PART SEVEN

CHARACTER READING.

1. The gentleman whose hair is very black and smooth hanging far over his shoulders, and in large quantity, is mild but resolute; cool, until greatly provoked; not much inclined to excess of any kind, but may be persuaded to it. He is constant in his attachment, and not liable to many misfortunes.

2. A lady, of the same kind of hair, is moderate in her desires of every kind, addicted to reflection, and though not subject to violence in love, is steady in her attachments, and no enemy to its pleasures; of a constitution neither vigorous nor yet feeble.

3. If the hair is very black, short, and curling, the gentleman will be given to liquor, somewhat quarrelsome, and of an unsettled temper, more amorous, and less steady in his undertakings, but ardent at the beginning of an enterprise. He will be very desirous of riches, but will often be disappointed in his wishes therein.

4. The same may be said of a lady.

5. A gentleman with dark brown, long, and smooth hair, is generally of a robust constitution, obstinate in his temper, eager in his pursuits, a lover of the fair sex, fond of variety, in his ordinary pursuits exceedingly curious, and of a flexible disposition. He will live long, unless guilty of early intemperance.

6. A lady of the same kind of hair will be nearly the same as the gentleman, but more steady in her conduct and attachments, especially in love. She will be of a good constitution, have many children, be much respected, enjoy good health, and a reasonable share of happiness.

7. If the hair is short and bushy, it will make very little alteration in the gentleman or lady, but that the gentleman will be more forward to strike when provoked, and the lady will more of a scold.

8. A gentleman with light brown, long, smooth hair is of a peaceable, even, and rather a generous temper; will prevent mischief if in his power, but when very much provoked will strike furiously, but is afterwards sorry for his passion, and is soon appeased; strongly attached to the company of the ladies, and will protect them from any insult. Upon the whole, he is in general an amiable character, affable and kind.

9. A lady of the same kind of hair is tender-hearted, but hasty in temper; neither obstinate nor haughty; her inclinations in love never unreasonable; her constitution will be good, but she will be seldom very fortunate. If the hair is short and bushy, or apt to curl by nature, the gentleman will be more industrious and the lady more sedentary.

10. A gentleman with fair hair will be of a weak constitution; his mind given much to reflection, especially in religious matters. He will be assiduous in his occupation, but not given to rambling; very moderate in his amorous wishes, but not live to an old age.

11. A lady of this colored hair is, on the contrary, of a good constitution; never to be diverted from her purposes; very passionate in love affairs, never easy unless when in company, and delights in hearing herself praised, especially for beauty; delights in dancing and strong exercises, and commonly lives a great age.

12. A gentleman with long red hair is cunning, artful, and deceitful; he is very much addicted to traffic of some kind, restless in his disposition, constantly roving, and desirous of enjoying the pleasures of love. He is covetous of getting money, though he often spends it foolishly; he is indefatigable, and no obstacle will induce him to forsake his enterprise until he has seen the issue of it. He is inclined to timidity, but by reflection may correct it, and pass for a man of courage.

13. A lady of the same kind of hair is glib of tongue, having words at will, talkative and vain; her temper is patient and fiery, and will not submit to contradiction; she has a constant flow of spirits, and much given to the pleasures of love. However delicate her person may seem, her constitution is generally vigorous, but she seldom lives to see old age for very obvious reasons; her promises are seldom to be depended upon, because the next object that engrosses her attention makes her forgetful of everything that preceded it, and will always resent any disappointment she may meet with.

I will now proceed to give some few instructions concerning the hair in other particulars, by the following remarks:

14. If the hair falls off at the fore part of the head, the person will be easily led, though otherwise rational, and will often find himself duped, when he thinks he is acting right; he will likewise frequently meet with disappointments in money matters, which will either hurt his credit, or force him to shorten his expenses.

15. If the hair falls off behind, he will be obstinate, peevish, passionate, and fond of commanding others, though he has no right, and will grow angry if his advice is not followed. However preposterous, he will be fond of hearing and telling old stories, and tales of ghosts, goblins, fairies; but will be a good domestic man, and provide for his family to the utmost of his power.

16. If the hair forms an arch around the forehead, without being much indented at the temples, both the gentleman and the lady will be innocent, credulous, peaceable, moderate in all their desires, and though not ardent in their pursuits, will still be persevering. They will be mild, modest, good-natured, prosperous and happy.

17. If the hair is indented at the temples, the person will be affable, steady, good-natured, prudent, and attentive to business, of a solid constitution, and long lived.

18. If the hair descends low upon the forehead, the person will be selfish and designing; of a surly disposition, unsociable, and given to drinking. He will also be addicted to avarice, and his mind will be always intent upon the means of carrying on his schemes, &c.

19. The forehead that is large, round, and smooth, announces the lady or gentleman to be frank, open, generous and free, good-natured, and a safe companion; of a good understanding, and scorns to be guilty of any mean actions; faithful to his promises, just in his dealings, steadfast to his engagements and sincere in his affections; he will enjoy a moderate state of health, &c.

20. If the forehead is flat in the middle, the gentleman or lady will be found to be vain-glorious, and but little disposed to generosity; very tenacious of his honor, but brave; he will be fond of prying into the secrets of others, though not with an intention of betraying them, he will be fond of reading newspapers, history, novels, and plays; ardent, and very cautious of his own reputation, &c.

21. If there is a hollow across the forehead, in the middle, with a ridge as of flesh above, and another below, the gentleman will be a good scholar, the lady a great manufacturer, or attentive to whatever occupation she may be engaged in. They will be warm in argument or debate—they will be firm and steady in any point they fix their minds upon, and by their perseverance will generally carry their object, yet they will meet with many crosses, but will bear them with patience.

22. If the forehead jut out immediately at and over the eyebrows, running flat up to the hair, the gentleman or lady will be sullen, proud, insolent, imperious, and treacherous; they will be impatient when contradicted, apt to give great abuse, and to strike if they think they can do it with advantage. They will also impose upon any person, never forgiving any injury, and by their misconduct make themselves many enemies.

23. If their temples are hollow, with the bones advancing towards the forehead on either side, so that the space between must be necessarily flat, with a small channel or indenture rising from the upper part of the nose to the hair, the gentleman or lady will be of a daring and intrepid temper, introducing themselves into matters wherein they have no business, desirous of passing for wits, and of a subtle and enterprising nature; greedy of praise, quick in quarrel, and of a wandering disposition, very lewd, and full of resentment when they feel their pride hurt. In short, they delight in mischief, riots, &c.

24. If the eyebrows are very hairy, and that hair long and curled, with several of the hairs starting out, the gentleman or lady is of a gloomy disposition, litigious, and quarrelsome, although a coward; greedy after the affairs of this world, perpetually brooding over some melancholy subject, and not an agreeable companion. He will be diffident, penurious and weak in his understanding; never addicted to any kind of learning. He will pretend much friendship, but will make his affected passion subservient to his pecuniary designs, and also given to drinking, &c.

25. If a gentleman or lady has long eyebrows, with some long hairs, they will be of a fickle disposition, weak-minded, credulous, and vain, always seeking after novelties, and neglecting their own business; they will be talkative, pert, and disagreeable in company; very fond of contradiction, but will not bear disappointment patiently; and will also be much addicted to drinking, &c.

26. If the eyebrows are thick and even, that is, without any or few starting hairs, the gentleman or lady will be of an agreeable temper, sound understanding, and tolerable wit; moderately addicted to pleasure, fearful of giving offense, but intrepid and persevering in support of right; charitable and generous, sincere in their profession of love and friendship, and enjoy a good constitution.

27. If the eyebrow is small, thin of hair, and even, the gentleman or lady will be weak-minded, timorous, superficial, and not to be depended on; they will be desirous of knowledge, but will not have patience and assiduity enough to give it the necessary attention; they will be desirous of praise for worthy actions, but will not have spirit or perseverance enough to perform them, in that degree of excellence that is requisite to attract the notice of wise men. They will be of a delicate constitution, &c.

28. If the eyebrow is thick of hair towards the nose, and goes off suddenly very thin, ending in a point, the gentleman or lady will be surly, captious, jealous, fretful, and easily provoked to rage; in their love they will be intemperate.

29. The eye that is large, full, prominent, and clear, denotes a gentleman or lady to be of an ingenuous and candid disposition, void of deceit, and of an even, agreeable, and affable disposition; modest and bashful in love, though by no means an enemy to its gratification; firm, though not obstinate; of a good understanding, of an agreeable but not brilliant wit; but clear and just in argument, inclined to extravagance, and easily imposed upon.

30. The eye that is small but advanced in the head shows the gentleman or lady to be of a quick wit, sound constitution, lively genius, agreeable company and conversation, good morals, but rather inclined to jealousy, attentive to business, fond of frequently changing his place, punctual in fulfilling his engagements, warm in love, prosperous in his undertakings, and generally fortunate in most things.

31. The gentleman or lady whose eyes are sunk in the head, is of a jealous, distrustful, malicious, and envious nature, deceitful in their words and actions, never to be depended upon; cunning in overreaching others, vainglorious; and associates with lewd and bad company, &c.

32. The gentleman or lady who squints, or have their eyes turned awry, will be of a penurious disposition, but punctual in their dealings.

33. A black eye is lively, brisk, and penetrating, and proves the person who possesses it to be of a sprightly wit, lively conversation, not easily to be imposed upon, of a sound understanding, but if taken on a weak side, may be led astray for awhile.

34. A hazel eye shows the person to be of a subtle, piercing, and frolicsome disposition, rather inclined to be arch, and sometimes mischievous, but good-natured at the bottom. He will be strongly inclined to love, and not over delicate in the means of gratifying that propensity.

35. A blue eye shows the person to be of a meek and gentle temper, affable and good-natured, credulous, and incapable of violent attachments; ever modest, cool, and undisturbed by turbulent passions, of a strong memory, in constitution neither robust nor delicate, subject to no violent impressions from the vicissitudes of life, whether good or bad.

36. A gray eye denotes the person to be of weak intellect, devoid of wit, but a plain, plodding, downright drudge, that will act as he is spirited up by others. He will be slow in learning anything that requires attention; however, he will be just to the best of his understanding.

37. A wall eye denotes the person to be a hasty, passionate and ungovernable temper, subject to sudden and violent anger; haughty to his equals and superiors, but mild and affable to his inferiors.

38. A red, or as it is vulgarly called, a saucer eye, denotes the person to be selfish, deceitful and proud, and furious in anger, fertile in the invention of plots, and indefatigable in his resolution to bring them to bear. Imperious in his family, anxious for riches, and suspicious that others are forming designs against him; is ardent in love, but strongly attached to the first object that catches his fancy.

39. A nose that comes even on the ridge, flat on the sides, with little or no hollow between the eyes, declares the man to be sulky, insolent, disdainful, treacherous and self-sufficient; if it has a point descending over the nostrils, he is avaricious and unfeeling, vainglorious and ignorant; peevish, jealous, quick in resentment, yet a coward at the bottom.

40. A nose that rises with a sudden bulge a little below the eyes, and then falls again into a kind of hollow below, is petulant and noisy, void of science, and of a very light understanding.

41. The nose that is small, slender and peaked, shows the person to be of a fearful disposition, jealous, fretful and insidious, ever suspicious of those about him, catching at every word that he can interpret to his own advantage to ground his dispute upon, and also very curious to know what is said and done.

42. The nose that is small, tapering round in the nostrils and cocked up, shows the person to be ingenuous, smart, of a quick apprehension, giddy, and seldom looking into consequences; but generous, agreeable, so as to carefully avoid giving offense; but firm and resolute in doing himself justice when he receives an injury.

43. The lips that are thick, soft and long, announces the person to be of weak intellect, credulous and slightly peevish; but by little soothing easily brought back to a good humor. He is much addicted to the pleasures of love, and scarcely moderate in his enjoyment of them; yet he is invariably upright in his conduct, and of a timorous, bashful temper.

44. If the under lip is much thicker than the upper and more prominent, the person is of a weak understanding, but artful, knavish, and given to chicanery to the full extent of his ability. He is of a cowardly nature unless strongly excited by another.

(To be continued)

THE MEANING OF DREAMS

THE interpretation of dreams has always been a favorite pastime with old and young. Some people are firm believers in the significance of certain dreams. We do not pretend to say that dreams are anything but vagaries of the mind during sleep. However, for the edification of those who attach a meaning to their dreams, we are giving the generally accepted significances used by the people of civilization for many generations past.

ABUSE.—To dream that you are abused and insulted, is a certain sign some dispute will happen between you and some person with whom you have business, therefore, after such dream, you should be particularly careful of yourself, and be as gentle and mild as possible, that you may not give those with whom you have dealings any advantage over you—if you are in love, be assured that some one has attempted to injure you with the object of your affections, and that they have in a great measure succeeded—you should, therefore, after such a dream, be particularly complaisant and attentive; by this means you will eradicate the unfavorable impressions that have been made against you—if you have a law suit, keep a sharp look out after your attorney, for such a dream in that case denotes that he is endeavoring to sell your case—avoid, after such a dream, taking a journey by land or a voyage by sea, for eight and forty hours, because such a dream forebodes accidents by traveling.

ABEL.—To dream of this second son of Adam, the victim of his brother's vengeance and jealousy, and the first man that stained the earth with his blood, is a favorable omen, portends future elevation and grandeur; if you have a law-suit, it will terminate in your favor; if you are in love, the mistress of your heart will be kind and faithful; if you are about to commence trade. your business will thrive, and you will become rich; if you are a farmer, be sure of good crops the ensuing season; if you are about to undertake a journey, it will be prosperous to you; in short, expect to rise to honors, dignity and affluence; observe one thing, that should he speak to you in your dream, you should be very careful to mind what he says, as otherwise you may mar all your good fortune, and reverse every benefit that fortune has in store for you.

ABRAHAM.—To dream of this Patriarch is favorable to the person who dreams—it in general denotes accumulation of riches and of honor; in a woman, it denotes that she will have many children; if you are in love, it denotes you will have many rivals; if you have a law-suit, it forebodes that many difficulties will occur; if you are in business, then it portends a great increase of your business, and that you will employ many hands to conduct it; you must also be very observant of what he says to you, for he will perhaps inform you how to avoid some misfortune, or how to attain to riches and honors.

ADAM.—To dream you see this father of men, this inhabitant of Paradise, who was betrayed by Eve into sin, is a happy omen; if he looks pleasant, be sure you will succeed in whatever you undertake; if you are in love, expect your mistress to smile on your love, and to reward your constancy; if you have a law-suit, expect it to be given much in your favor by the judge; if you are a farmer, expect an abundant crop, and that your pigs, poultry and cattle will increase very fast, and be of a good kind, and fetch the best price at the market; if you are about to quit your native place, abandon the idea, for depend some benefit is in store for you in the place where you had birth; if you have already quitted it, I would advise you, if you can, to return, for there lies your fortune and prosperity; do not undertake journeys, unless absolutely necessary, for although they would be successful, yet you will be still more fortunate by resting at home; if he looks displeased and angry, then you must use great caution in all your dealings, for some mischief is intended you, but you will get the better of it; but on no account undertake a voyage by sea, neither borrow nor lend money, for at least a month or two, because, if you do, you will lose what you lend, and what you borrow will bring you into trouble; be careful if he speaks to you to mind what he says and observe it as faithfully as you possibly can.

ADVERSARY.—To dream you meet with an adversary denotes that you will overcome some obstacle to your happiness; if you are a lover, you will conquer some powerful rival, and be happy in your love; it also denotes that your affairs are going on well; if you are soliciting a place, it portends you are about to get it; if you are in trade, it forebodes some good orders and an increase of business; if you quarrel and he overcomes you, it is a good sign, for you will conquer all obstacles to your promotion, happiness and fortune; but if you conquer him then it denotes that you will never rise to any great preferment by the means you are at present adopting; that many things will miscarry with you, but in general you will be fortunate; should he draw blood of you, you will surely lose your liberty for a time, but will afterwards be flourishing and happy.

ACQUAINTANCE.—To dream you quarrel or fight with an acquaintance is an unlucky omen; it forebodes a division amongst your own family, much to the injury and prejudice of the dreamer; if you are in love your mistress will prove unfaithful and marry some other man than that she has told you she most hates; if you are in business some heavy loss will befall you; you will disagree with some of your best friends on the most trivial matters, which will end in an open rupture; if you are a farmer, expect a bad crop, murtra amongst your cattle; that your pigs and poultry will fail and not fetch good prices; if you have a law-suit, depend, that your attorney will neglect you, that your witnesses will be tardy and backward, and that finally you will lose your cause. Do not for some time undertake a journey by land, or a voyage by sea; enter for the present into no new undertaking, for you will be unsuccessful; quit, if you can, your present place of residence; and, above all, avoid lending money, for you will surely lose it, together with the friendship of those to whom you lend it.

AGUE.—To dream you have an ague, denotes nothing very particular, more than that you are in danger of becoming a drunkard, and a glutton. If you have any relation or friend that is ill, it denotes they will recover; and if you have a lawsuit, that it will be settled in your favor; if you are in love, it forewarns you, that if you do not immediately marry, you will lose your mistress; if you dream another has an ague, then it denotes a variety of fortune, that you will sometimes be rich, and sometimes poor; that you will have much trouble, lose your liberty; and die before you are fifty. To dream your sweetheart has an ague, is a lucky omen, it shows you are beloved, and that you will be happy with the object of your wishes, but never very rich.

ANGELS.—To dream you see angels in your sleep, is a sure sign that some one is near you; therefore be mindful of the rest of your dream, for it will come to pass pretty accurately; should you only dream you see nothing but an angel, or angels, then it denotes health, prosperity and much happiness, with many children, who will all turn out good. If a woman with child dreams of them, she will have a good time, and perhaps twins; if you are in love, nothing can be more favorable, and all your undertakings will prosper, and be advantageous to you.

(To be continued)

CURRENT NEWS

CANADA POPULATION 9,000,000

The population of Canada for 1920 is estimated at 9,000,000, as compared with 7,000,000 in 1911, in a report made public recently in the House of Commons by Secretary of State Sifton.

The estimated total revenue for 1920 is $325,000,000. Total revenue per capita for 1920 is estimated at $36.11, and expenditures per capita at $75.01.

EATS A THOUSAND BUGS

A chill swallow will eat a thousand flies, mosquitoes, wheat-midgets or beetles that injure fruit trees in a day and therefore is to be encouraged. This bird is also known as the cave swallow because it plasters its nest on the outside of a barn or other building up under the eaves. Colonies of several thousand will build their nests together on the side of a cliff. These nests shaped like a flattened gourd or water-bottle are made of bits of clay rolled into pellets and lined with straw or feathers. This bird winters in the tropics.

NEEDLE AND THREAD SYSTEM

Charles S. Ellison, a young farmer residing near Middletown, Del., was taken to Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia, the other day, suffering severe abdominal pains, his case being diagnosed as appendicitis. At the hospital an operation was performed, but the appendix was found in good shape. Further examination revealed a needle with more than a yard of black thread. The intestines had been punctured in several places. Ellison has no recollection of ever swallowing the needle and cannot account for its presence in his system.

SPRING LIKE A GEYSER

Upon his return from an inspection trip in Wyoming, A. C. McCain, Assistant District Forester, reported that he had discovered a strange geyserlike spring of clear and cold water about seven miles from Afton, Wyo.

The spring flows with great volume for twenty minutes and then ceases for the same length of time.

This spring furnishes about half the volume of Swift Creek, and played a great part in the failure of the sawmill enterprise several years ago, according to Mr. McCain.

A settler established a mill on Swift Creek. When he turned the water into the millrace his troubles began. For twenty minutes the volume was sufficient to turn the wheels, and then for the next twenty minutes everybody was idle.

HUGE MOULD FOR GUNS

One of the great Pennsylvania steel companies not long ago manufactured the largest ingot mould ever seen. It is octagonal in shape, 15 feet 7 inches high, with an average inside diameter 91 1-2 inches. The thickness varies from 15 to 20 inches. The mould will be used in casting the 300,000-pound steel ingots from which our 16-inch and 18-inch guns are forged.

The Bessemer iron for the mould was melted in three large open-air steel furnaces, and suspended in three ladles over the mould at one time. The molten contents then mingled in a trough or runner so that the iron was thoroughly mixed before it entered the mould. It took 340,000 pounds of iron to pour the casting. After the mould was thoroughly cooled two 100-ton cranes lifted it from the sand pit.

SWALLOWS A TOOTHPICK

Swallowing a toothpick resulted in two operations being performed on William Edwards, superintendent of the Amsterdam Building Company of No. 140 West 42d street, New York, and which for a time caused him serious trouble.

Nearly two months ago Mr. Edwards was taken suddenly ill. His case bore symptoms of acute appendicitis. He was removed from his home on Academy Street to St. Francis Hospital, Trenton, N. J., where an operation was performed by Dr. Martin W. Reddan. It was found that peritonitis had developed, but the appendix appeared to be all right.

A short time later his condition became worse. Dr. Reddan operated again and found a toothpick Mr. Edwards had swallowed perforated his intestines. This piece of wood was removed after a delicate operation and Mr. Edwards is now doing nicely.

RETURNED THE MONEY

Twenty-two years ago, as J. N. Baldwin, then a huckster, as he was driving to his home, five miles north of Hagerstown, Ind., was held up by three masked men and robbed of $35, the robbery occurring just at dusk, on the public highway, and in sight of his home. There was no clew and the matter was dropped without investigation. Mr. Baldwin, who seven years ago; moved to Cowan, near Munice, and is traveling as an evangelist, recently received a letter from this place, in which $35 was inclosed. The letter read: "Here is your money. I want to get this from my mind and get clear of this sin. All these years since I helped to rob you have been years of hell. I was but sixteen years old and bad company got me into it. The gun I pointed at you while the other two highwaymen robbed you was a pocket knife. The other two that helped me are still living, but neither helped me make this up to you."

THE PIPE FISH

The kangaroo has always seemed to have the monopoly of that convenient way of carrying its babies in a pouch, but it has been discovered that a fish has the same useful receptacle which it uses for the same purpose. The pipefish, as it is called from the length of its jaws, has a pocket on the under side of its body nearly half its length. It is found in the male species only, and is the only part of its body which is unprotected by large bat plates, which take the place of scales in its protective armor. If a pipefish is taken from the water and its little ones shaken out of the pouch back into the water they always seem either unable or disinclined to run away. But if the father is placed in the water again, all the small fish immediately swim back into the pouch. These curious little creatures have prehensile tails, which they use to hold on to the seaweed to prevent themselves being carried away by the tide. The pipe-fish is similar to the small eel, being about a foot in length and an inch in thickness, but, unlike the eel, it has a very long jaw.

LIVE FROG FOSSIL MYTHS

Reports printed in California and Nevada newspapers recently of the discovery of live frogs embedded in the solid rock which was supposed to have held them for 1,000 years or more were characterized by Dr. John Van Denburgh of San Francisco, member of the California Academy of Sciences and an authority on frog life, as "variations of an old myth."

Such stories, Dr. Van Denburgh said, probably have their origin in the fact that toads sometimes found at the end of a fissure in rock or of a burrow dug into hard packed earth appear to be embedded in the rock or rock-like formation, the finder failing to observe the channel of entry.

ELM TREE YIELDS THREE CEDAR TIMBERS

Cutting down an ancient and gigantic elm tree in a Buffalo city park a few weeks ago, workmen were astonished to find within it three large and unrotted cedar timbers. Their mystifying presence was, and still is, unexplained. A plausible theory was advanced, however, which reminds us that the elm, when but a sapling, must have stood in the market place of the infant city. Exposed thus to the teeth of horses hitched there by farmers from the outlying countryside, it was protected by the three timbers, strapped to the trunk. As the years slid by, and nobody thought of removing the timbers, they were pressed upon and finally enclosed by the growing tree.

PUT 6 STITCHES IN HEART

The story of a remarkable surgical operation was told in the Criminal Court, Pittsburgh, March 17, by Dr. J. F. Berg of St. John's Hospital in the trial of John Hoza, accused of attempting to kill Steve Belonik in a fight last April 9.

Dr. Berg exibited X-ray plates which provided a startling record of Belonik's case. He testified that Belonik had received a stab wound in the back, which had cut the left ventricle of the heart.

"I opened the chest, removing several ribs, and sewed the heart up, putting six stitches in it," said the surgeon. "The man was out of danger on April 21."

MAN WHO WAS PARALYTIC FOR FIFTEEN YEARS RECOVERS

William H. Blackman, President of the Blackman Floral Company, Evansville, Ind., walked for the first time in fifteen years. Mr. Blackman is eighty-three years of age, and was believed to be a confirmed paralytic. While his neighbors and friends speak of his recovery as a "miracle," the aged man says "it was simply faith."

Twice a day for the last fifteen years Blackman had driven to his greenhouse or to his store in Main Street. A runway for his wheel chair had been built from his house to the driveway. His five sons and daughters, sixteen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren had all believed him a permanent cripple.

While suffering with a bad cold, Blackman decided to call in his family physician. The physician told him that he seemed to have strength in his legs and that he ought to try to use them. At this suggestion Blackman surprised the physician by walking around the room. Afterward he left the house unaided and walked around the block.

Blackman is a native of England. He came to Evansville more than sixty years ago and for many years has been engaged in the floral business here.

"I have tried to be a good Christian all my life, believing that a good, clean life, a strong faith in religion, will cure all things, make men strong and lengthen their lives," said Blackman. For years he has been carried to the Trinity Methodist Episcopal church here, of which he is a devout member.

Many of Blackman's neighbors have called at his home to congratulate him on his good fortune.

"A miracle? I cannot speak of that," says the aged man, "but if one has faith in his religion——"

And as he spoke the aged man's lips moved, as if in prayer.

MONKEYS HELP PICK COCOANUT IN MALAY

In the islands of the Malay Archipelago the monkeys, which abound in those parts, are trained to be useful, and to assist in picking the cocoanuts off the trees. The monkeys can climb higher than any man can go, and thus fruit that would otherwise be inaccessible is gathered. A leading London daily newspaper, in connection with this fact, imparts the information that, on a certain cocoanut plantation in Sumatra, where the monkeys form an exceedingly valuable addition to the working staff, they obsolutely refuse to work overtime. Punctually at 4 o'clock every afternoon they come scuttling down from the trees, and no threats or entreaties can induce them to pick one single nut more until the next day.

The cocoanuts are used in a variety of ways. It is well known that this fruit affords both food and drink, but in addition to this, the fiber of the husk is made into cordage.

HOW TO MAKE GOLD

Frederick Soddy is a professor of physical chemistry at Oxford, England, and is famous for his researches into the nature of elements, particularly radium and its cognates. His writes in his book "Science and Life":

"Discoveries in radioactivity have shown that in the smallest atoms of matter all around us there exist stores of energy a million times greater than any so far harnessed. Limitless physical power awaits humanity as soon as knowledge that shall lead to its control and application has been obtained. There was nothing extravagant in the alchemists' dreams of turning base metal into gold. Elements could be transmitted into one another if we could slightly vary the atoms in them.

"To get gold from mercury," he says, "expel from an atom of mercury one beta-particle, which will make thallium, then one alpha-particle, which will turn the thallium into gold. Or, to get gold from lead expel from an atom one alpha-particle which will turn it into mercury and proceed as before."

It is said that the alpho-particles in an atom are positively charged, the beta-particles negatively. Professor Rutherford, of Montreal, and Professor Soddy have found that the atoms of the radio-elements are in process of spontaneous disintegration. Small parts of the original atoms are expelled with enormous velocity as alpha-rays or alpha-particles.

It is then found that the residue of the atom forms an entirely new element which usually is itself unstable, and proceed to undergo a definite sequence of singular successive disintegrations, sometimes alpha-particles, sometimes beta-particles being expelled at each change. The alpha-particles have been proved to be atoms of the element helium expelled from the parent element with a velocity varying from 9,000 to 13,000 miles per second.

ALGERIA'S ACCURSED BATHS

Hammam-Meskhutin, or the accursed baths, are situated in the wilds of Algeria. If they were in any more accessible part of the world they would no doubt seriously interfere with the popularity of places like Carlsbad and Homburg, for the surroundings are beautiful as the natural and phenomena are wonderful.

The temperature of the water is no less then 203 degrees Fahrenheit, which, taking into consideration the height of the source above sea level, is just about boiling point, and clouds of steam arise from the earth in different directions, as well as from a mass of waterfall. Where the waters rise the surface of the rock is thickly incrusted with carbonate of lime and resembles white marble. The largest volume of water falls into a beautiful wooded glen, and the rock over which it passes has the appearance of a huge petrified waterfall, owing to the over-increasing calcareous deposit. Above the fall and scattered about are numerous pools bubbling over with boiling water, the bottoms of which are rendered creamy white by the deposits. In the waste water that runs away below the falls Arabs may occasionally be seen cooking and washing in the hot water..

There is only one hotel on the spot. It has but one floor and the rooms run around three sides of a large lemon and orange orchard.

ALCHEMY SECRET FOUND

"The riddle of the transmutation of matter has been solved," says an amazing five-line despatch to the Associated Press from Paris. The despatch accredits this discovery to Sir Ernest Rutherford Longworthy, professor and director of physical laboratories at the University of Manchester, England.

Sir Ernest is one of the best known physicists in the world. He holds degrees from more than a dozen universities in Europe and America and has received medals of honor from many institutions of higher learning. He has devoted much attention in recent years to radio-activity, and has written several books on the phenomena of radio-active substances and their activities.

The report which credits him, in the words of the despatch, with "having solved the secret sought by the ancient alchemists," will undoubtedly be received with the utmost caution by the scientific world. Taken at its face value, it would mean that the most sensational and portentous discovery in the history of science had been made, involving consequences so tremendous that they cannot be conceived by the imagination. The explanation by Sir Ernest himself of the nature and extent of his discovery will be awaited with intense interest.

Alchemy, as understood by the ancient world, meant the quest of researchers for the "philosopher's stone," a mysterious substance by which the baser metals could be transmuted into gold and silver. This "stone," according to the alchemical theory, was the "prima materia," or the material out of which it was believed all things were made.

Countless experiments were made, and years of study employed in the search for the secret, much of the most valuable chemical knowledge of to-day being acquired incidentally to the quest.

The science of the nineteenth century discarded all the alchemists' theories as mediaeval superstition, declaring all material substances as known in the composition of the earth, and the celestial bodies as well, to be composed of a certain number of "elements" and combinations thereof. These "elements" were believed to be unchanging and unchangeable, except in so far as they were affected by chemical combination. The discovery of radium caused the first modification of this theory, accepted until then as axiomatic.

Radium, together with its other mystifying and unique peculiarities, presented the phenomenon of continuous, spontaneous transmutation into helium, another "element" so rare in earth substances that it was actually found in the sun's atmosphere by means of the spectroscope before its discovery in the chemist's laboratory.

Other discoveries concerning the composition of matter composed of molecules and atoms, the latter, in turn, appearing to be all composed of electrons (suggestive of the alchemist's theory of one "primal material), renewed the interest of the modern world in the forgotten theory of transmutation. Sir Ernest Rutherford is one of the foremost among those who have been carrying on research in this direction.

BONES OF CORTES FOUND

After almost one hundred years of search it now appears that the remains of Hernando Cortes, Spanish conqueror of Mexico, have been definitely located in the Temple of Jesus, one of the many Catholic churches in Mexico City. A gold key which can unlock the marble vault containing the dust of "The Conquistador" and the funeral garments in which he was buried, is said to be in possession of Senora Borneque de la Barra, a resident of Paris, and efforts are being made to obtain it. The key comes to Senora Borneque as a heritage.

Newspapers here have agreed in this connection to give absolute credence to the testimony of a direct descendant of the keeper of the "Hospital of Jesus," an annex to the temple of the same name. He claims to have documentary evidence that in 823, when patriotic zealots planned to take forcible possession of Cortes's remains, they were saved from violation and were later returned to their original resting place beneath the main altar of the temple. It was this sequestration in 1823 that caused students to conduct a search for the hiding place, many asserting it was in Old Spain and others in Naples, Italy.

The restlessness which drove Hernando Cortes, Spanish courtier, to Spain and culminated in the conquest of Mexico from the Aztecs in 1521, after one of the most brilliant campaigns in all history, apparently continued after his death near Seville, Spain, in 1547. He was buried in the chapel of a monastery near Seville, but in 1562, in accordance with his will and by order of his son, the body was taken to Mexico, not to the Mexico City suburb of Coyoacan, which had been Cortes' headquarters during the memorable siege of Mexico City, but to the monastery of St. Francisco in Tezcuco, another village near the Mexican capital.

The remains were moved again in 1629, this time to the church of St. Francis in Mexico City. The transfer was accompanied by the most lavish religious pomp and ceremony ever recorded in the country. In 1794 the remains were again given a new resting place—the Hospital of Jesus of Nazareth, an institution founded and endowed by Cortes. There was no period of interruption until a crowd of demonstrants in 1883 wished to scatter the remains as a token of their independence when a secret removal was made until the flame of revolution died down.

It is in this hospital, or church as it is now, that the historic crystal coffin secured by bars and plates of silver and containing the dust of Cortes wrapped in linen embroidered with gold was deposited and now is believed to await the return to Mexico of the golden key with which its hiding place may be unlocked.

ENDS LIFE TO FREE BRIDE

Catherine Clock, the nineteen-year-old bride of Dr. K. L. Clock, fifty-seven years old, who committed suicide near Walsenberg, Col., told Coroner Thorton the doctor had suffered a nervous breakdown three years ago and he believed he would never recover and it was because of this that he committed suicide. She believed his motive was to free her so she might choose another mate her own age and in better health.

The note he left follows: "Dearest Catherine—I promised you I would postpone this act, but I am breaking it to-day as I think it is best for you. I am leaving a check for the balance of my bank account after expense of a simple funeral. Please have no ceremony. You will understand as we have talked this matter over pertaining to your future. With my removal the matter may be more readily solved. I am to blame for the mismanagement of this affair and ask your forgiveness."

Mrs. Clock refused to go into details concerning the tragedy, but it is believed that since she was in Pueblo studying a general business course she was preparing herself to make her own living. Apparently they had talked over this possibility, and the doctor, fearing he would never recover, took chloroform to relieve her of the future responsibility. The couple were married a year ago in Kansas City.

EASY LIFE FOR SILVER FOXES

Silver foxes on a ranch near Regena, Canada, are epicurians and live on the fat of the land. This need not be wondered at for silver foxes literally are worth their weight in gold.

The little aristocrats are fed as expensively as guests in the best hotels. The meat served them is kept in a perfectly regulated and spotless refrigerator. It consists of the choicest cuts of tenderloin steaks and pork chops with a little horse meat added by way of variety. The foxes have shredded wheat prepared as carefully as it might be for some wealthy and querulous invalid. Other breakfast foods, cereals and vegetables pamper the appetites of the little beasts.

The ranch is tightly fenced in with wire eight feet high and sunk in the ground several feet. The fox houses are constructed on hygenic plans. They are scrupulously clean.

The success of this fox ranch and of several others near Winnipeg has demonstrated that the prairie provinces are as well adapted to breeding silver foxes as Prince Edward Island, the world's centre of the industry.

One rancher started two years ago with two pairs. He now has fifty-six animals. He has sold 16,000 worth of pelts. A silver fox pelt brings from $200 to $2,500. Two-year-old animals sell at $400 to $2,000. He sold eight-month-old pups this year at public auction at $900 apiece. His breeding stock is valued at close to $100,000.

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